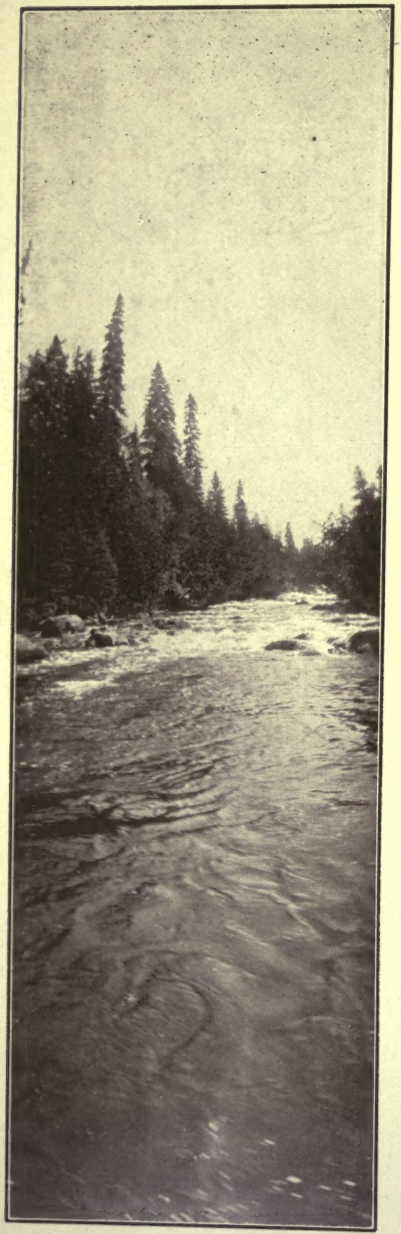
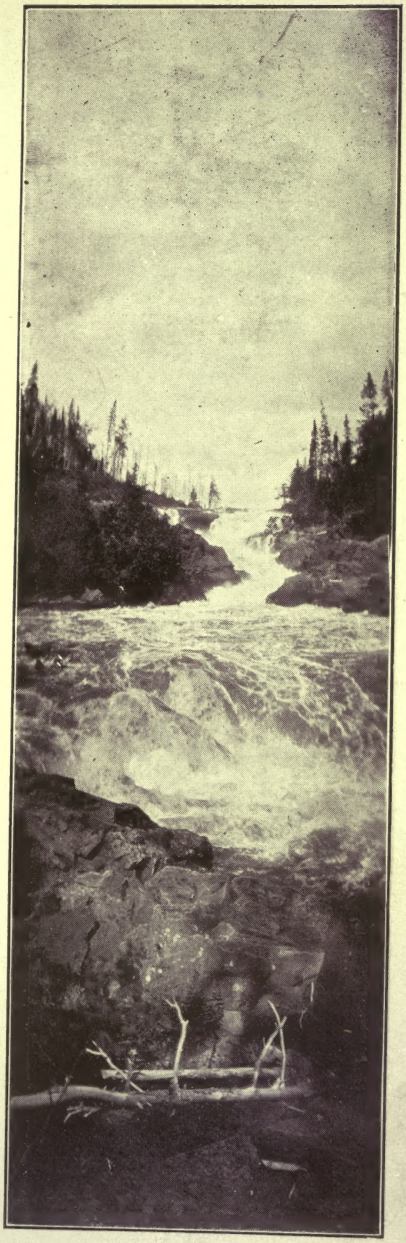
THE NORTH COUNTRY

HARRY ANTON AUER



LOOKING UP PIGEON FALLS.



BIG FALLS.

The North Country

BY

HARRY A. AUER

1906
THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY
CINCINNATI

To my companion of the trail,
MY MOTHER,
these sketches are dedicated.

Foreword

In venturing these sketches it has been the author's purpose neither to compile a work on woodcraft nor to present a book on travel, but rather to take the reader out into the Open Places with their larger, calmer view, and to conduct him into the Temple of the Great Mother Nature in whose aisles he may wander at leisure, and breathe the atmosphere of peace and repose which pervades the sanctuary.

If, in the portrayal of The North Country, there is somewhat of woodcraft, it is only such as is inevitable in a work devoted to life and conditions touching nature absolute, and undefiled by man; and, since these conditions can only be known by close contact, the author has found it convenient to group his sketches about one of his own recent pilgrimages. If, to those of the inner circle, they shall recall their own journeys to the shrine of The Great Mother, and suggest to the uninitiated the inexpressible beauty, purity and restfulness of God's Out-of-Doors in The North Country the author will be happily content

H. A. A.

Cleveland, Ohio.
June 5, 1906.

Contents

Illustrations

SUMMER CAMP OF OJIBWAYS.

The North Country.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROUTE.

"It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent smoky Indian that we know."

If you have ever camped at night upon the mountains, while gazing upward toward the dark range of peaks barely discernible as a black line against the sky, you may have observed a tiny flash of light burning on a crest, where a moment before darkness held complete sway; and, as you have watched the Indian signal fire leap from peak to peak until the whole range has flashed the message, you may have felt something of wonderment and awe at the rapidity with which the primitive mind has overreached wide stretches of space, and adverse physical conditions.

In the same way the mind of the civilized man is frequently leaping in anticipation from the

height of one year to the height of the next, which is not even in the range of vision.

It was in August of 1904, when the leaves in the Canadian Woods we had just left were turning to dull coppers, flat yellows and burning reds, that we had come from the forest to the St. Lawrence River, where Dad had taken the train for Washington, and Chum and I were concluding our luncheon in the dining saloon of the steamer, lingering over our coffee and silently admiring the beauty of the Thousand Islands, yet returning in thought to the silent forest from which we had regretfully parted. No word was spoken as we gazed out reflectively toward the deep green of the Canadian Shore, yet were we both living a few quiet moments under the spell of happy memories.

Suddenly I felt that Chum was no longer gazing abstractedly toward the forest, but was fixing me with new note of inquiry—an unspoken "Whither?" and as I in turn wonderingly met her look, I realized that we had both leaped in thought from the height of one year to the crest of the year to come, and already the future existed in the instant, for the germ had suddenly sprung into life. Then began an

exchange of ideas in an attempt to furnish an answer to the "Whither?" and at the end of the conference we both knew that the flood tide of the following year would bear us to somewhere in the wilderness in that part of Canada extending northward from Georgian Bay to Hudson's Bay known as the North Country; but only frequent porings over the maps and grave considerations of transportation, sustenance, navigation, trails and guides could fully answer the question.

In planning a trip into the Wilderness one must have a reliable map and scan it long and often, if he wishes his expedition to be a success, and where to secure the desired map is often a perplexing problem; but this need not be difficult, for the Canadian Government has reasonably accurate charts of the North Woods and is very prompt in acceding to the request you may prefer for one of them. In fact, I am ashamed to relate, the Department of Crown Lands once sent me in sections, a map twelve feet square of a whole province and even paid the postage, which I, in my zeal to secure the map, had failed to enclose in making my request.

In scanning the map one's notice is drawn to the fact that it is quite dotted with small square spots beside which always appear the letters H. B. C. and, in deciding upon your route, if you purpose going into the Land of Silence beyond the outposts of civilization and the fixed dwellings of man, you will be wise to take special heed of these dots, which look so like oases in the desert, for in very truth these are the oases of the Wilderness, to be sure not placed there by Allah, but established and maintained with great labor and perseverance by the Hudson's Bay Company, to which for many reasons is due your thanks. The particular significance for you of these trading posts and forts is that there you can replenish your depleted duffel bags with bacon, side meat, sugar, flour and rice, as well as secure guides and obtain whatever else is of real necessity to the woods life. Therefore in determining upon a route for my journey the consideration was constantly in my mind, that it must lead past one of the posts of the Great Fur Company.

On looking at the map more closely, one observes scattered about in great disorder the minute letters P and F, apparently devoid of

all meaning; and sometimes a dotted bracket of varying length beside each of the letters, and often some small numerals appearing beside the F. One soon discovers, however, that these small letters and dotted brackets and numerals have large significance and should have a great determining influence upon the selection of your Wilderness route, for the F and the adjoining numerals indicate a falls of certain height through which you cannot take your canoe, and the P with the dotted bracket marks a portage of varying length, where canoes, tents and provisions must be carried on one's back over an Indian trail, which may lead across a mountain of barren rock or through a forest full of fallen trees and overgrown with seemingly impossible tangles.

After a close study of the map, I finally selected a stretch of territory of about twenty-five hundred square miles area north of Lake Superior, which "looked good" in that it was possible after a number of days travel by water to reach the lower end of it, and thus make a start, and in that seventy-five miles from the starting point there was a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and for the further

reason that the intervening distance was an absolute wilderness free from lumber camps, villages and tourists, the absence of which last is indispensable to a successful trip.

As the trading post was at the Height of Land from which the waters flow north into Hudson's Bay, and south into Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and as the Laurentian Mountains rose in a rocky wall from Lake Superior and became higher with every mile towards Hudson's Bay, it became necessary to find a water route consisting of lakes rather than rivers, for the reason that the rivers descending eight hundred feet from the Height of Land are so swift as to render navigation up stream in canoes out of the question. Finally a series of mountain lakes, with nine portages over the mountains from one lake to another, was discovered, whereby we could avoid the swift rivers flowing south and still secure a practically all water route; so we decided to travel north up the lakes and to take advantage of the rivers in returning.

How and where to secure guides was a consideration which at first seemed to be a matter of difficulty, for the guides must be such as

knew the trails, and there were none to be had at the starting point; but by following the safe rule "When in doubt consult the Hudson's Bay Company" I was able to persuade the manager of the trading post on the Height of Land, that he could send down through the lakes and over the mountains guides and canoes to meet us at the starting point on Lake Superior. And having made up my mind that our provisions would have to be secured at the last outpost of civilization on Lake Superior, one hundred and fifty miles to the south, and brought with us to the point of starting into the forest, I had at last solved the problem, and knew that the trip could be made; thus Chum's question asked two months before while *en route* through the St. Lawrence was answered, but as November with its snows and cutting winds was hardly compatible, with more detailed arrangements for a canoe trip, the maps and plans for the expedition were laid aside until the "daughters of the year" then dying into shadow, should once again "dance into light."

CHAPTER II.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

"Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting
Winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper
of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!"

I believe there are but two men who fully comprehend what is meant by "the winter of our discontent," and they are the fisherman and the man into whose soul has come the spirit of the trackless Forest. Neither are they found to be men of moods; for their industry and cheerfulness make bright the grayest and most dripping days of November, and they enter joyfully into the strength and dominating spirit of December and January as they drape our North Temperate Zone in a mantle of white and bind all nature with fetters of icy stillness. Nor are they disturbed because the trees are mere ghosts sighing and moaning in the mystery of the wind instead of speaking in the rustle of their leafy tongues, for they love and comprehend the

strength of these "bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," and they realize that their brothers, the trees, are only sleeping, dreaming new dreams of beauty, and in their refreshing slumbers gathering new strength and life for the glorious summer.

But February brings a subtle change over their spirits, a restlessness out of all harmony with the unchanging rest of nature, and the unrelenting grasp of Winter. At first the restless spirit is weak and unassertive manifesting itself only in uneasy wonderment at the persistency of so much ice and snow, but daily increasing in strength until a deep unrest has fallen upon them, which at last becomes a real and hostile discontent. Why this is so I cannot tell; perhaps the nature of these men is more delicately attuned than the nature of things about them, for, while no stir of awakening life has come to the roots of the trees deep down in the earth, and the crystalled streams and lakes are still held in their icy bondage, yet the minds of these brothers of the rod and the trail are awake with new life, new dreams, and new, old longings. Their thoughts, which have been contentedly traveling back over the trails of the

past summer, are now leaping forward in joyous anticipation to the streams that will soon become living waters.

I know an honest gentleman whose hair is silvered by the frost of sixty winters and whose nature is mellowed by the warmth of as many summers, and who suffers greatly from rheumatism in his lower limbs. In January and February you draw in toward the open fire in his large, rough stone chimney corner, and smoke the tobacco which you find on the big slab above the fireplace, and as the flames from the logs leap up the chimney in response to the howling blasts without, this elder brother will delight your soul with tales of the speckled beauties he has taken in the long ago from the Nipigon, the Ausable, and streams in the Maine woods; and he will tell you of the trout he killed last year in the North Country.

While his devotion to his large business interests is too constant to give him enough spare moments to become the subject of moods or to make him the slave of his physical pain, yet at the close of March when you sink into your favorite chair and thrust out your feet toward his fire, you will be surprised to hear the old gentle-

man mention his rheumatism for the first time. He will tell you that in March and April his pain becomes intense and quite intolerable, and he will growl in strong, well set phrases because the ice remains thick upon the streams with no signs of breaking up; but you will give him your silent and sympathetic understanding, for he has a remedy for his rheumatism which he cannot apply until the ice has gone from the streams.

But, in the month of May, this delightful comrade, so crippled with pain that he must be assisted on to the train, departs for the North, and there begins his cure. Scorning boots, or waders of any kind and wearing two suits of heavy woolen underwear beneath his outer garments, this cripple plunges into the ice water of the North, and for four weeks does he wade the trout streams waist deep, for hours at a time, casting his flies into the pools and eddies; then he tramps through the forest back to camp, and, after sitting about the friendship fire enjoying an after supper pipe, he finally rolls up in his blankets for the night on a layer of balsam spread upon the ground. Yet, at the end of a month of this heroic treatment, wonderful

to see, this former cripple has been cured, his eye has a new light, and he walks with the springy step of youth.

For myself March and April bring so deep an unrest that it is often difficult to keep my attention fixed upon such necessary matters as briefs and pleadings, and at the close of day I find my fingers tingle with a sensation that can only be eased by the touch of the cork grip handles of my rods. At last these are dug out of the attic, duly inspected and jointed, and in high glee switched across the room, jeopardizing all things frangible. The fly book is brought forth and note is made of its depleted condition; suddenly I remember that I must tie several dozen six-feet leaders. Then the maps with the red ink routes traced upon them, after reposing in the bookcase for five months, are brought forth, and my unrest has at last begun to assume point and direction.

As Chum has for the last five years been a charter member in all of my journeys into the North Woods, and since Dad willingly became the third party, it remained only to secure two acceptable recruits. The Doctor, full of zeal and unsatisfied woods longing, became a wel-

come addition, and "Bill," in his desire to give his competitors in the steel industry a rest, as well as to secure a much needed vacation for himself, fell easy prey to my word pictures of a new and untraveled route through the Land of Silence; thus was the cast made up and active preparations for the journey begun.

In taking the trail into the wilderness there is but one single rule—"to go light,"—and if Mr. White ever makes another expedition into the Forest, I trust he will give us an account of it and have a chapter on "going light" at least fifty pages in length, but that instead of printing it he will talk it into a phonograph in his most earnest and convincing tone, and arrange with his publisher that a record disk accompany each copy of his work; I would do this myself, even at the risk of becoming tedious were it not for the fact that I have too many other things about which I wish to make mention. I say this in all seriousness, for I recently saw a party of four people about to take the trail with an outfit that would have taxed the endurance of an elephant train. They had tent poles, braces and pegs, and extra tent poles, braces and pegs, in several courses weighing at least sixty

pounds,—that in a Forest where such things can be made with an ax in ten minutes; they had heavy wire-mesh cot beds with an excess of bedding; three heavy dry goods packing boxes, five feet each way, made of one inch stuff, and containing the Lord only knows what; and lastly dress suit cases enough to do complete justice to a Newport season. In response to my innocent query as to whether they were about to establish a new Hudson's Bay Post, an anaemic with a Cassius-like look gazed at me in open-mouthed amazement and replied, "We are going on a two weeks' tramp into the woods." I was speechless, but could have shed tears of sympathy for their guides.

In the matter of clothing for the North Country simplicity is not only elegance, but the only road to happiness. Our party all wore the heaviest weight woolen under-garments we could obtain. Chum's raiment consisted of a heavy gray woolen waist with bloomers, and short skirt of the same material to the knee, a sweater, and light rain coat, while the rest of us wore woolen golf trousers, gray flannel shirts and sweaters; all of us wore broad rimmed hats

in order to protect the face and eyes from sharp twigs and branches in going through the brush.

Footwear is a most important item; my own opinion is that moccasins are out of the question for traveling a rough trail, as the stones, sharp twigs and fallen branches bruise the feet so quickly as to make traveling a real torture; again moccasins furnish no support for the ankle, and quickly become water-soaked; their single virtue is their lightness, and while they are ideal for a canoe and for snowshoeing, yet their vices on the trail weigh too heavily against them. Boots also are in disfavor on account of their weight and lack of elasticity. I believe the only ideal foot wear is the oil-tanned shoepac, with a thin insole. For my uninitiated reader, I must explain that it is a thick elk skin moccasin, tanned with oil, but light, soft and pliable, giving elasticity to the step, yet protecting the foot from stones and twigs; it reaches up the leg about fourteen inches thus supporting and protecting the ankle; and lastly it is absolutely impervious to water, for you may get it full of water, but turn it upside on a peg and in a moment it is dry, as the water cannot soak into the oil tanned leather. Their best recom-

mendation is the fact that on the trail in summer most of the Ojibways of the North wear them; and I myself have worn them on trails over which I shall shortly conduct you, and have suffered no discomfort.

Inside the shoepacs you should wear the heaviest of woolen sox, such as can only be obtained in the far North. I cannot speak too strongly in favor of woolen under-garments for at midday in the blaze of the sun, on a steep mountain trail they were not uncomfortable, while at night or when one is wet to the skin, they are warm and indispensable. Two bandana handkerchiefs completed our wearing apparel, and for extra clothing we carried one suit of underwear and one pair of sox in which we slept at night and to which we could always change if we became wet; thus simplicity meant for us to carry nothing except what was indispensable.

Respecting tents, the lightest waterproof is the best, first because it is waterproof, does not spray or leak and weighs no more after a rain than before, and secondly, because it is light, weighing about twelve pounds less than the canvas duck tent. An inner tent of fine mesh cheese cloth made longer than the waterproof tent, so

LAKE GABISINISKA.

that it drags six inches on the ground, is a great protection against flies and the best assurance of a night's rest.

For blankets we found the heaviest five point Hudson's Bay red double blankets very comfortable, even for the summer. A rubber poncho six feet square is quite necessary; by day you wrap and strap it tightly about your blankets, extra undersuit, sox and towel, and use your pack for a seat in the canoe, and no matter how it rains, your blankets and underwear are dry for you to sleep in; and at night your poncho spread upon the hemlock boughs under your blankets serves to keep them from becoming damp. By having eyelets made on the sides and one end you can lace it up and use it as a sleeping bag, if the weather becomes too cold, or if you are out all night away from the camp.

In addition to rods, reels, landing nets and fly books, a short two-pound hunting ax, to hang by a leather holster at your belt, is of great importance; in fact it is the most necessary article of all your outfit and without which one should never leave camp. A long sheath knife to strap to your belt will also prove exceedingly useful.

There should also be a stock of simple medicines for the party, besides needle and thread and a hot water bottle; this last is not only important in case of emergency but on a cold night will equal five pounds of blankets in keeping one warm. Tobacco, rifle and shotgun with ammunition will complete the personal outfit, and, while we could not have gotten along well with less, yet we found this quite sufficient for all our cardinal needs.

In the matter of provisions, the nature of woods traveling and the limitations of carrying capacity leave but little choice of articles for food. The staples will be bacon, side meat, flour, rice, corn meal, peas, beans, sugar, tea, dried apples and prunes, in quantities varying with the size of the party and length of the journey. The amount of sugar can be greatly reduced by taking a bottle of saccharine tablets, and a bottle of citric acid tablets makes a palatable lemonade without necessitating carrying the weight and bulk of lemons; in addition to furnishing a refreshing beverage the citric acid will also prevent scurvy. Whatever else you may take is a matter of taste, only beware of canned tomatoes, corn, peas or

beans, for you are carrying on your back about eighty per cent. of water, and by taking dried corn, beans and peas you are greatly reducing your weight. Of potatoes only enough to last a few days should be taken, as they are too heavy on the trail.

Lastly, at your point of departure do not pack your outfit and provisions in wooden boxes, for they are not only heavy but by reason of their shape most inconvenient to transport; but use instead heavy waterproof duffel bags, twelve inches in diameter and thirty-six inches long. Then you will leave your attire of the city in trunks at the hotel, and arrayed in woods costume, with hunting ax and knife attached to your cartridge belt, you are ready to depart for the Wilderness.

CHAPTER III.

EN VOYAGE.

"Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea Water."

The fishing boat which cruises up the North Shore leaves the last outpost of civilization about three o'clock in the afternoon, and within an hour you have steamed out of reach of mails and telegraph beyond the world you have known, into a world of mystery and silence. Perhaps you have come North by boat through Lake Huron or Lake Michigan, but no sooner have you arrived on Lake Superior than you feel a change that is not easily accounted for; your captain will note your expression of wonderment at the new impression, and, in subdued voice, will tell you that which is perfectly obvious to you "you are on Lake Superior." Ask him to explain what he means

and he could not possibly do it, yet you too feel the subtlety of the change.

Perhaps it is the fact that Superior is larger and deeper than the other lakes; it may be that the change is attributed to the fact that the air is very cold, or to the knowledge that the shore is uninhabited wilderness stretching Northward to the Arctic wastes. I am sure I cannot explain what it is that comes over your party and causes every one to speak in lowered voice, yet you feel that the spirit of mystery dwelling on the borders of the North Country is upon you and everything is different from what you have ever known before; even the familiar chug-chug of the propeller has an unusual, far away and pleasing sound.

But the spirit of mystery, even though it be the dominating spirit, does not reign here alone, for there is the unsurpassing beauty of the Laurentian Mountains rising from the North Shore hundreds of feet and forming a rocky wall across Canada from New Brunswick to the Rocky Mountains; they are the same Laurentians we knew and loved in Quebec Province, and covered with the same deep green forest,

only they are higher in their towering strength and grander in the longer reaches they present to the vision, as they stretch along the shore until they melt into the hazy distance.

There were about eighteen fellow passengers aboard the boat, all quiet, earnest people, about to take the trail at various points, where the captain, who is a most accommodating gentleman, will put you ashore and will call for you again two weeks or a month thereafter as you may indicate to him. It was eleven o'clock when all crowded on the deck to behold the wonderful Northern Lights as they radiated from behind the mountains, and leaped toward the zenith; after palpitating in their white, opaque light for half an hour they began to fade leaving the mountains in deep blackness, and us in a mood for dreams.

If the North Shore has charmed you with its mystery by twilight, it will fill you with rapture in the early morning sunshine. It was seven o'clock in the morning when the boat turned in toward a crescent cove; the mountains in the background, rising rank upon rank, were rich in their glorious greens, with one flank in deep shadow, while the other was flooded with light,

with here and there jets of white vapor rising from various niches like the smoke from camp fires.

As the steamer slowly approached the shore to permit ten of our fellow passengers to disembark with their boats and outfits for the narrow strip of sand, the log huts and cabins of an abandoned Hudson's Bay trading post and a number of tents belonging to parties already in camp were easily discernible. A little to the left and flowing swiftly down between the rifts in the hills murmured the Agawa, whose charm and beauty Mr. White has in detail so vividly presented to us in his inimitable "Forest." Ten miles back on the river are the Falls beyond which you will not attempt to go, and nine miles north from the river, after traveling up the mountains through an almost impassable forest, you reach the shores of the wonderful crescent Kawagama with its wooded islets set as emeralds, one in each horn of the crystal water. But the Agawa was not attractive to us this summer, for there were too many people to break in upon its peaceful solitude and mar its quiet beauty.

In coasting along the North Shore one meets a number of interesting people, the most entertaining of whom will probably turn out to be Indians. Last summer I met an Ojibway named "Peter," from the Indian Village of Batchawaung, who had been guiding a party up the Agawa. He told me that the trout were not rising and that the river was overrun with noisy tourists, so he conducted his party down to the Montreal River which they ascended for a distance.

"Peter" and I held council for nearly two hours during which he told me many mirth-producing tales, but that which gave me the most happiness was his narrative of an event on the Montreal River. I cannot give you "Peter's" story, as no one but that Indian can do it justice, but it seems that one evening his party was camping at the mouth of a small canyon, the entrance to which was very narrow, when one of the members beheld a red deer vanish into the entrance between the rocky walls. Peter knew the canyon was a blind one without any outlet except where the deer had entered, so he grabbed several leather tump lines and calling "Come, me show it fun!"

started for the entrance; there he stationed two of the party to prevent the deer's escape while with the other two of the party he made for the deer. After several vain attempts to catch the animal, he was finally driven into a corner, when all three hunters with a yell made a rush and tackled him, and notwithstanding his kicks and struggles they threw him to the ground and sat upon him while "Peter" tied him up, all the while reassuringly addressing the captive "Oh, no, little deer, me no hurt you, me no choke you, me just tie you up." After the captive was securely tied "Peter" tells me his picture was duly taken, after which he was given his freedom.

At a little fish station where the boat stopped for an hour, I espied an Indian named "Twabinaisay," sitting on a fish barrel; I joined him and we had a smoke and council until the boat was ready to leave. "Twab" had been up the Agawa and reported the fishing poor this season, but he had gone over the trail to Kawagama and there the trout were unlimited, both as to their number and willingness to rise to any kind of a bug or fly. I was seriously concerned to notice the crape bands about both

of Twabinaisay's arms and hat, but my relief was very real when he informed me that he was in mourning for his "fourth wife."

In cruising northward from Agawa the steamer in calm weather threads its way between the picturesque rocky Caribou Islands, which are so wonderful in their blended color tones of blue grays, neutral reds and soft greens, all minor notes which remind one of a Chopin nocturne. Many miles beyond the Caribou Islands, at about two o'clock, the steamer turned into a large curving bay; along the shore were to be seen several buildings of an Indian Mission, and half way up the mountain, about three hundred feet above the lake, appeared the beautiful falls of the Bear River, a tumbling mass of white framed in the deep green of the forest covered mountain.

But short time, however, was given us for contemplation as our five duffel bags and outfit and personal packs had to be taken ashore, and at last, after having traveled by water for five days, we stood upon the North Shore and were ready to begin our journey. Within a hundred yards of the lake we started over the mountain from which the trees had been burned

by forest fires leaving only scattered dead pines pointing skyward, and adding to the wild beauty of the large masses of bare white rocks running in mazes and terraces as far as the eye could reach.

Somewhere across the hills eight miles distant we had been assured two months before that four Indians would travel down from the Height of Land in four canoes and would meet us on that day; and you may imagine the anxiety and doubt as to whether we should meet the guides that filled our minds as we journeyed over the mountains. But our relief and happiness were great when we found on arriving at the rendezvous at four o'clock, four woodsmen, much surprised at the sight of a lady in the party, they not having known that Chum was a Charter Member, but seemingly delighted with conditions as they found them, for they were all wreathed in smiles.

Their leader, a man of about fifty years, tall, straight and well built, presented me with a letter from the Factor of the Hudson's Bay Post to the North introducing to me Antoine Soulier, my head guide, whom he was sending me three days before, with three full blooded

Ojibway Indians, down through the forest to meet me as he had promised. Antoine then informed me "Me part Injun, part French; Injuns no speak him English."

At once there began an introduction scene no less sincere and significant on account of its lack of polite phrases, for these were the men who were to take us safely through the mazes of the forests and the dangers of the falls and rapids, and who were to be at once our guides and friends in the Land of Silence.

In order I presented each of our party to Antoine who seemed to enjoy the ceremony and whose open smile of welcome at once won the confidence of Chum; women seem to understand men at a glance, and from the first hand shake of greeting these two were friends. Next we all passed down the receiving line consisting of the three Indians with the same formality as if we were greeting the receiving party at a Presidential reception at the White House, but with considerable more of interest. To be sure there were no stilted, "Pleased to see you!" or "Delighted to meet you!" in response to our words of greeting, but the firm pressure of the hand and the kindly smiles that

greeted us spoke plainer than words the welcome which these sturdy Forest sons could not voice.

There was old Biddequaw, and I use the word "old" with a meaning of affection, for he was to become endeared to us all, a short sturdy man of fifty-five years; his name means "a bundle of sticks." Next was Neshwabun, aged thirty, of short and slender build, whose name, meaning "two tomorrows" had doubtless been an inspiration of some fond parent dreaming of a large future for the offspring. Last in order was Masinaqua, meaning "a little piece of paper," aged about twenty-two, and lithe, and tall and slender as a spruce tree. After inspecting the five duffel bags, and marveling at our lack of baggage, but supposing we had left some of it in our rear, Antoine asked, "What you do with baggage?" and to my reply that we had nothing else he ventured the comment "It is good!" while the Indians on being informed, in unison uttered an approving "Ugh!"

As it was after four o'clock and we desired to reach the distant end of a near-by lake before night, we portaged our outfit to Lake

Wawa—the lake of the wild goose—and started in our canoes for the further end six miles away, which we reached without incident before six o'clock, and at once began to make our preparations for a camp at the edge of the lake under the protection of the mountains rising at our backs.

Chum immediately proceeded to give the Indians a demonstration of the fact that she was of the right fibre for the Woods; though she has been with me in the Woods for four years, yet she is not able to repress her zeal for working a likely bit of water, no matter what the conditions,—her only concern being whether it looks promising. Thus, while the guides were engaged in cutting wood, making fire, erecting tents and preparing the evening meal, and the rest of us were busy cutting hemlock for our beds, Chum jointed her rod and tied some flies on her leader. Some dead trees fallen into the lake appealed to her fancy as affording an opportunity for casting into the deeper water, so she climbed out upon the logs and began to cast her flies.

Suddenly I was aroused by the Indians exclaiming "Oquemaque! Oquemaque!"—"the

lady! the lady!"—and I looked up in time to witness Chum, climbing out of the ice water of the lake, dripping but smiling as if the joke had been on some one else, and still clinging to her rod. Our most insistent urging and solicitude could not induce her to change her clothes, for she had no others, but she scorned our suggestions that she go to bed, for Chum is too much of an enthusiast to be discomfited by an ice water bath, and she had her supper on the ground with the rest of us and then sat about the blazing friendship fire, until the night air began to chill our backs and Antoine suggested that as we would breakfast at five-thirty the next morning, we had best turn into our tents and get our rest, for on the morrow we should take the long trail over the mountains.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAIL.

"Passing through the silent forest,—
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill and hollow."

Wawa Lake is a basin of ice water about six miles long and a mile wide with the mountains rising from the shores like the sides of a tea-cup, and at the base of the mountains we had made our camp. At five-thirty in the morning we were awakened by the long wierd Indian call "Whoo! Whoo!" and, as we issued from our tents to wash in the lake, the mists still hung thick upon the water, obscuring the other shore, but, before six o'clock, while eating our breakfast on the bottom of an upturned canoe, the sun, which had been shining for several hours began to dispel the gray haze, disclosing the mountains bathed in the morning light. Antoine pointed out the mountain top at our back which seemed quite near, and informed us that on the crest nestled a

HUDSON'S BAY POST (OLD) AT AGAWA.

small lake unconnected with Wawa, and to reach which we should take the Trail beginning at our camp and leading upwards for half a mile; so shortly after six o'clock we struck camp, tied up our tents, duffel bags and personal packs, and were ready for the ascent.

To the uninitiated "taking the Trail" has a romantic sound, which suggests to the imagination a delightful stroll along a smooth path, through the cool woods leisurely enjoying the crisp mountain air, breathing deep of the spicy odors of the pines and balsam, and having an altogether delightful ramble; perhaps it is the pleasant walk of your picinc days that comes into your mind as you think of the Trail. But the reality is different from anything the fancy has ever pictured; you are surprised at first to find how far the fact has left behind your fondest dream of woodland beauty and quietude; you will also be surprised to discover that in the North Country "Trail" and "path" are not synonymous.

There the word means only a route by which it is possible to penetrate through the forest, provided your physical attainments are sufficient; it has not the slightest intendment of

dryness or smoothness or broadness and freedom from obstructions; indeed, if it has any meaning other than that of a possible route through the wilderness, it is the contrary of your pictured Trail. And since you can only know it by experience, I am going to give you my actual experience on the day we left Wawa Lake.

It must be remembered that we had provisions sufficient for five people and four guides for three weeks, and that these supplies, together with three tents, blankets and personal packs, axes, guns, cooking outfit and fishing tackle, weighed eight hundred pounds. Then there were two all cedar, eighteen-foot Peterborough canoes, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds each and one Peterborough fifteen feet long weighing one hundred pounds. In the North Country horses are as rare as elephants, and, were it possible to get one over the trails, it would command quite as much attention for purposes of exhibition to the Indians, though its sphere of usefulness would end with the exhibition. But as no horse ever lived that could travel the Indian Trails, all of the provisions, canoes and baggage had to

be transported on our backs and the backs of the guides.

Never will you think of an Indian Trail but what the first thing that comes into your mind, to the exclusion of all else, will be a "tump line;" this is the means by which your baggage and provisions will be transported. It consists of a broad leather band about three inches wide and fifteen long and at least a quarter of an inch in thickness. At each end it tapers down to about an inch in width and runs out into a strap nearly six feet in length.

The straps of the "tump line" are firmly tied about your duffel bags, tents or packs within about ten inches of the broad leather band, and you are ready to take the Trail. You then lift the pack and place the broad leather band about your forehead at the place where your pompadour should be and duck your head slightly forward thus bringing the weight directly behind the shoulders so that the pressure upon the head is downward rather than a direct backward pull. Then you place another duffel bag or a pack across the top of the one to which your "tump line" is tied. Your first experience will make you feel more

like a two-legged jackass than anything else you have ever known.

Do not make the mistake of substituting a "pack basket" for a "tump" for no pack basket ever invented can take its place when making a long journey, for the reason that the former is limited in its carrying capacity to the size of the basket, but the latter is limited only by the weight which a human back and head can sustain; I have seen Masinaqua carry three hundred pounds in this manner with apparent ease.

Having adjusted our packs, the guides leading with one hundred and sixty pounds each, we started up the Trail, each of us, excepting Chum, carrying eighty pounds. For the first ten minutes we all agreed on the "tump line" as taking first prize as a device for slow torture, but having made up our minds that the torture was necessary we began to suffer less; besides the tendency of the weight from behind to throw us over the mountain side proved a decided diversion, so that the inconvenience became a secondary importance to keeping on the Trail, though we were by no means unconscious of our burdens. Fresh moose tracks

THE TRAIL.

also furnished food for speculation, and within half an hour we were nearing the end of our first portage. On the crest, however, was a stretch of black muck to traverse which was presented an interesting problem; here the guides had felled some five-inch spruce trees. My attempt at crossing was not an entire success, but nothing happened worse than being thrown from the logs almost up to the top of my shoepacs in the slime, and at length we were at the edge of the lake where our packs were dropped to the ground.

There lay the lake, a large spring, a half mile in extent, bubbling out of the hills, but to our surprise other hills, not seen from below, rose still higher from the further shore across which we must again portage. But as there were other packs to be brought up, we started back down the Trail for a second trip. For the first time we had a chance to raise our eyes from the Trail and drink in the woodland beauty and sniff the cool spicy air of the forest, than which nothing is more refreshing; and to make note that while the Trail was only a foot wide, yet it was entirely distinct and of sufficient width between the trees to allow the

guides, carrying the canoes upturned on their heads, a free passage as they came up the mountain.

On our second ascent we suffered none of the torture of our first trip, nor did the packs seem so hostile in their purpose to throw us off the mountain, and we were quickly back to the lake. There we embarked our canoes for the further shore to begin our longest portage of two and one-half miles over the mountains, on a Trail which was unusually clear and smooth and which savored somewhat of a picnic.

One is surprised at the ease and rapidity with which the Indians travel over a Trail and how quickly one is left in the rear, but you soon learn to appreciate the fact that the faster you travel the sooner the pack is taken from your back; that a pack is heavier when you are going slowly than when you are traveling rapidly, and that it is as easy to go fast as to go slow. One also notices that the Indians do not tread upon stones, twigs and branches fallen across the Trail when they can be avoided, for they are not only not comfortable to the bottom of the feet, but in time will make them sore; so you come instinctively to step over or

between the stones and branches and you are beginning to take a decided interest in the mere fact of covering distance.

But two stops were made and at each no sooner was the pack deposited on the ground, than its weight was entirely forgotten as we gave ourselves to the enjoyment of a restful pipe. It was on this portage that the black flies which were very numerous, seemed determined upon giving us a warm welcome, and through the woods, particularly in nearing the lakes, the mosquitoes serenaded us in friendly greeting, but we were fortunate in having a "dope" that was effective and our joy thereafter was great, in traveling through places particularly infected with these winged pests of the woodsman, to note that, while thousands of insects would approach within ten inches of our "doped" anatomy, yet not one would touch us. Even the dreaded deer fly which has the swoop of an eagle and the bite of a tiger remained at a respectful distance from our aromatic ointment. Thus were we immune by day, while at night our interior cheese cloth tents were a complete defense against all attacks.

There were many things to interest and divert us on this portage; frequent tracks of moose and deer and the announcement by the guides as to how fresh they were furnished a constant theme for wonderment, for these forest people knew at a glance whether the tracks had been made the same morning or a week before. At our second resting place we discovered partridges in the spruce timber so tame that the Doctor fired six shots at one with his revolver without causing the bird to fly; finally I bagged him with the rifle and then shot another through the head just before we reached the end of the portage at Goose Grass Lake. After crossing this small lake, tired out, we stopped for dinner, and the guides served us with bacon, tea, bread and butter, potatoes, apple sauce and partridges, to which we did full justice. After dinner we made a short portage over a hill about a quarter of a mile and we were at Lake Gabisiniska, another small spring lake.

Thus far, while the Trail had been up the mountains, yet it had been at all times discernible, free from obstacles and generally of soft earth, comfortable to the feet; but from Gabis-

iniska we were destined to have a variation, and to learn new lessons before we should reach Lake Kiiskabi, a mile and a half distant.

Beginning at the other side of Gabisiniska there is no level stretch on which to get your stride before starting up the mountain, but you begin at the very water's edge to toil upward over an exceedingly difficult Trail. The mountain in parts has been burned off by forest fires, leaving no shade and exposing the bare rocks. There was but little soil at any place and the Trail was so faint that frequently I was obliged to stop and scrutinize the ground, and only by observing that some twigs were pressed flat could I determine that I was on the Trail at all. Here we saw very fresh signs of bear, for in several places we came upon rotten tree trunks, fallen upon the ground, that had been recently torn open by the bears searching for ants, of which they are very fond. The Indians would sniff the ground and the tree trunks and announce that the animals had been there no longer than an hour before; but in spite of their recent presence we failed to come within sight of one.

As we men traveling with our packs went much faster than Chum, it frequently happened that she was alone half a mile from any of us, though some of us were always both ahead of and behind her, traveling back and forth over the trail, for we always had to make two trips. She afterwards confessed to me that she was "somewhat lonely," and when she would call and receive no response, she would wonder if she were still following the Trail, but by getting down on her knees and looking at the ground she was able to keep from wandering. Bear tracks also made her somewhat uneasy, but the Smith & Wesson at her belt and my assurance that bears were more afraid of her than she could possibly be of them gave her courage as she traveled on alone.

Half way over the portage we came to the edge of the burned section, and, as our packs had become heavy, we sat down in a patch of large blueberries, so numerous as to literally form a carpet. They were quite as large as cherries, and we lay down and enjoyed the most delicious berries we had ever tasted. When

we had feasted until it seemed we could eat no more, we would lie in the sun and rest, then roll over the space we had picked clear and renew our feasting. There appeared to be no limit to our blueberry capacity and I believe we would still be there picking, but that there were a number of miles yet to be traveled before darkness should overtake us.

Thus far we had been traveling with the blaze of the afternoon sun upon our backs, and yet with all our exertions our heavy wool undergarments had caused us no discomfort. The stones had been very hard on the feet and very uncomfortable while walking upon them, but causing no soreness after they were passed; but the rest of the Trail through the spruce timber furnished greater difficulties, for here were numerous windfalls. In the language of the town a "windfall" signifies a sudden acquisition of something contributing to ease and pleasure acquired through no personal effort, but brought by the wind as it were. In the parlance of the Forest it has, however, no meaning of ease or pleasure, yet, even there it is brought by the wind, for it signifies that the

trees have been blown down across the Trail in rows forming an admirable Cheveaux de Frise.

Sometimes they could be circumnavigated through the brush, but it often happened that it was necessary to duck low, pull your hat over the eyes and forehead for protection, and plunge resolutely into the tangle, and become completely trapped with your pack until you could neither go forward nor retire. In such a situation you must resort to the use of the ax at your belt and cut yourself free, only to find that you must climb over the fallen trees. Now climbing trees with a pack on your back is a real accomplishment. At first the pack will throw you backwards into the tangle to which you address all sorts of polite phrases, which do not help except as they relieve the mind and get bad thoughts out of your system; but after several attempts you finally go slow and have passed over the obstruction only to find that you have lost the Trail. But a diligent search brings that to light and once more you are ready to progress.

On nearing the end of the portage before the Trail descends to the lake, I sat down to wait

TWABINAISAY.

for Chum, who was traveling behind me shod with silence. Now Chum is sociable and not particularly fond of the silence and solitude of the mountain, unless there is some one within sight to share her happiness. Some minutes before she came into view through the woods, I heard a strange humming sound which excited my curiosity, but which I could not truthfully designate as musical, and as I was wondering as to its source Chum slid into view over some fallen trees singing quietly to herself. To my inquiry as to the song, she remarked, "it was only intended for home consumption to keep myself company and prevent me from becoming too lonely on that deserted mountain."

We then traveled to the edge of the mountain and performed a sliding feat down its side; the branches met over the Trail and the rocks were quite smooth and damp and the descent nearly perpendicular, so we inevitably began to slide. The eighty pounds on my back considerably accelerated my speed and I tried to recall and put into practice the method used by the burros in descending a mountain, but, though I endeavored to dig my heels into the

rock and to grasp the bushes, it was of no use, so I ceased to struggle and abandoned myself to the luxury of rapid transit down a mountain Trail with the expectation of an ice water plunge at the end, but instead I only landed in a heap on the large boulders at the foot of the chute.

There lay Kiiskabi—Bubbling Waters—a quarter of a mile stretch of beautiful blue-green water edged with gray boulders and framed in deep green, only a passing vision of loveliness, for we quickly made the next quarter of a mile portage to a nameless lake, and at its further end beached our canoes. A mountain separated us from the next lake, and as we were weary we portaged our duffel to the top of the mountain, and at five o'clock made our camp at the ridge.

Since six o'clock in the morning we had been traveling and had accomplished six miles on a Trail which is traversed by not more than ten people within a year—even two of our Indians were traveling it for the first time. Always the trail had led upward, at some places almost invisible, at others, well nigh impassable, over stones and through windfalls. In

making two trips at the portages we had thus traveled eighteen miles over the mountains with only three miles in the canoes across the lakes, and at the end although we were tired, yet we were by no means exhausted. Our feet were not bruised, nor our backs lame, nor our necks painful from the packs, which had hung from the "tump lines" on our heads, and our weariness was not much greater than if we had been on an all day's picinc in the woods, at least it required nothing more to relieve it than a good supper and a restful pipe, both of which were quickly supplied. After supper we even had reserve energy to portage our large canoe to the lake on the other side of the mountain and take a quiet evening paddle on Hawk Lake.

CHAPTER V.

AT HAWK LAKE.

"Lonely mountain in Northland, misty sweat
bath 'neath the line."

Of all the voices with which the Great Mother Nature speaks to her children, I believe she whispers most impressively through the calm Spirit of the Mountains. In the dash of the sea she tells of power, of ages of ceaseless striving and motion, and her voice is the restless voice of Ambition. In this phase she is so vast and incomprehensible as to make intimacy or even friendliness, except of the most distant kind, out of the question.

But when the Mother calls through the Spirit of the Mountains she has an entirely different note; you look to her in this form and remember that for countless ages she has been waiting thus in peaceful quiet and repose; but while you feel that you can no more be intimate with her than with the sea, yet you know that her Spirit is always friendly and beneficent,

WITH FIVE PEOPLE AND A DOG WE WERE LOW IN THE WATER.

and her voice whispering in the silence is the call to "Peace."

Through unnumbered centuries, amid the rolls of thunders around her head, and the dash of the waters against her rocky base, she has remained undisturbed preserving her majestic calm and repose, unchanging amid a world of vanishing dreams, until, as you gaze at her serene face, you too feel the unutterable rest and quietude, which she breathes like still dews of quietness upon your restless spirit.

On the evening of our arrival on the mountain top where we had pitched our camp, three of us silently entered the canoe which had been brought over the Trail and launched on Hawk Lake. The exertions of the day had produced a condition of body and mind which longed for relaxation and rest, and we had come down to the water to breathe deeply of the atmosphere of calm repose. No word was spoken as we passed out of the little cove leading between the hills to the main body of the lake; the paddles were dipped gently, making no noise as we passed through the gateway, and in silent rapture gazed at the enchanted scene spread before us. No words can picture the unsurpassed

loveliness, no painter can preserve the glorious vision.

For two days we had been traveling ever upward until seven hundred feet above Lake Superior we had come to Hawk Lake, the shores of which rose five hundred feet above the water, which lay unruffled like a beautiful crystal, mirroring the stately pines and hemlocks covering the mountains and reflecting the graceful white birches fringing the shore. Here at half past eight, the sun, which was beyond our range of vision, was still shining upon the mountain tops, while below the shadows of the forest were already deepening.

Thus we sat motionless in the canoe and watched the long northern twilight creep up and wrap the hills in its purple mantle of shadows. Here no crickets, tree toads or singing insects marred the absolute silence of the North Country; no ax nor habitation had desecrated the virgin Forest; and even the howl of a lone wolf across the hills only served to increase the deep spirit of solitude and quiet as its solitary note died away, leaving us enchanted with the "solemn hush of nature newly born."

Here breathed the soothing spirit of the Wanderer's Night Song:

> "Over all the hill tops
> Is quiet now,
> In all the tree tops
> Hearest thou
> Hardly a breath;
> The birds are silent in the trees:
> Wait; soon like these
> Thou too shalt rest."

Men often bend their heads in reverent thought, and earnestly try to worship, yet it is not often given us to be conscious of coming into the presence of the Great Spirit; not only is it an attitude of mind which cannot be affected at will, but in addition a state of being and feeling which comes to us but seldom in a lifetime. If I have given the impression that this hush of silence was an oppressive gloom, full of weirdness and a thing of awe, I must tell you that it was a most calm and friendly quietude, full of refreshing rest and gentle repose. Gazing at the vision one seemed to feel that the majesty of the mountains and the beauty of the Forest and waters were the true unrealities, and behind and through these manifestations was a sublime and deeper reality, so

majestic with power, so friendly with beneficence, and so quieting in its gentleness as to be the Great Spirit of the Universe breathing upon us a Benedicite of Peace.

It was not until the purple shadows had deepened into complete darkness that we regretfully turned our canoe back through the watery gateway leading to the Trail. No word was spoken as we climbed upward to the camp, and noiselessly we took our places before the blazing friendship fire; and even our pipes were forgotten as we gazed in meditation into the leaping flames, until our tired-out natures called us to rest.

Whenever I enter a church or when I pray, the mind irresistibly turns back to the glorious experience in the purple twilight of the North Country and I know that for once at least, I have been permitted to really worship. In my dreams I go back again to Hawk Lake and by day comes the realization that there something was either acquired or lost by which I am different from what I have ever been before, a subtle something too deep to analyze and dissect.

But sometime, again, before my course is finished, I shall try to steal out upon Hawk

Lake at eventide, and sit in my canoe to watch the sunlight playing upon the mountain tops and see it followed in turn by the wonderful purple haze of the long twilight. And if, as I gaze upon the mountains and believe that they are "God's thoughts piled up," from the Land of Silence, the mysterious Spirit of Rest and Peace shall again come into my soul, I shall be happily content.

But the Great Mother does not utter a single thought to her children, for truly "she speaks a various language." In the Spirit of the Mountains, she speaks of Rest and Peace, but through the Spirit of the Storm, her voice is a call of Strength and Power. You must know that our camp was pitched on the very ridge of the mountain. Across the little lake was a parallel ridge four hundred feet higher than our own aerie, while across the narrow end of Hawk Lake was another paralleling range towering far above us. It was near midnight when the advance guard of the storm stole upon us from over the mountains, merely a strong blast of cold wind searching every corner of the tent; far off across the mazes of hills was the heavy roll as of artillery coming into

action. Then the reconnoitering wind passed on leaving not a breath of air, and the stillness broken only by the distant rolls of thunder.

Gradually the claps of thunder became louder and the flashes of lightning more frequent as the storm came toward us, until the tents were almost continually as light as day. All at once there was a noise, above the intermittent rolls of thunder, which resembled the rush of many wings; nearer came the gale with great speed until it swooped down upon us in all its fury. It was as if the bottom had fallen out of the sea and a hurricane was driving the water across the face of the earth; the tents quivered, strained and tugged at the ropes like living things trying to escape from the water and wind which struck us squarely on the flank.

It was exceedingly weird, and as we lay wrapped in our blankets, alone on the mountain, we felt that:

> "Ghosts ride in the tempest tonight,
> Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind,
> Their songs are of other worlds."

All night long were we in the firm grasp of this mood of nature; for hours the mountains were constantly illuminated by the lightning,

showing a scene of inconceivable wildness and beauty, and majesty and unbridled power, as the Forest bent and bowed and murmured before the terrific blasts of the gale. And all the while, the deep voice of the thunder rolled back and forth above us on each side until it seemed as if all the mountains were rolling into the waters of the two lakes.

One could not sleep amid such a scene, indeed we had no desire for sleep while we could look upon this mood of Nature, exhibiting the wonder and majesty of her power. Strange to say our exposed position occasioned us no uneasiness or fear, and with all its limitless power and wild grandeur, the Spirit of the Storm seemed to be friendly. It aroused our awe at its majesty, but did not arouse our fears; indeed it seemed to call unto the deep places within us, a call for Strength and Power. Even Chum, while the lightning was dancing about us turning midnight into midday, called out, "This is truly glorious." But by daybreak the wind and thunder had passed leaving only a steady downpour of rain.

Notwithstanding the gallons of water driven by the gale that had been dashed upon our

tents, they neither leaked nor sprayed, but remained absolutely dry, while the water from their sides ran down the two flanks of the mountain. Thus wrapped in our dry warm blankets we had truly enjoyed the wildness of the storm, but our guides camping on a ledge lower down the mountain had fared badly in the night, for their tents had leaked in streams and the water had rushed in around the bottom until it was three inches deep. The duffel bags had been placed upon spruce poles laid parallel upon the ground and the canoes had been turned over them, thus preserving them absolutely dry.

After an inspection of the guides' tent, as it was still raining, the prospect of any breakfast other than bread and butter seemed to me very remote. But Antoine said, "Him too wet outside, me bring it the breakfast to the tent," so the five of us sat on our blankets in the eight by ten tent and spread a rubber poncho for a table cloth and waited. The pouring rain was no obstacle to the rousing fire which the Indians made outside the tent and its merry snapping gave us very cheerful appetites as we speculated upon how meager a breakfast would have

to satisfy us. Within half an hour Biddequaw appeared bringing bread and butter, and hot baked beans, cooked the day before; then came Antoine with a jar of MacLaren's Imperial Cream Cheese, and crackers and a pail of hot tea; again Biddequaw came bringing hot crisp bacon, and to our wonder, hot French fried potatoes.

How this repast could have been prepared in the open in a downpour of rain is beyond my explanation; I can only give you the fact as it was. Such potatoes, crisp and dry, and not swimming in grease as is so often the case at the hotels; such bacon of which the most accomplished cook might well have been proud, and you may know its savor claimed our entire attention. Often, since then, I have looked disdainfully at French fried potatoes and bacon brought me from the cookery of a hotel, and have longed for the breakfast served in the rain upon the mountains at Hawk Lake.

The following morning we broke camp on the mountains and started down the lake, the gray canoe leading into the bank of mist which lay thick upon the water obscuring the shores and making navigation somewhat slow. On near-

ing the end, however, the wind began to rise and dispel the enfolding bank of fog and by the time we reached the outlet at the river, the sun was shining with undimmed radiance. Here we waited for the other canoes still lost in the haze; but after a time there appeared two tall spectral looking objects gliding over the water, and as the trailing gray mantle was lifted the forms of the other canoes, with white Indian blankets hoisted for sails, came bowling through the waves at a rapid pace.

By tacit understanding we stopped for a few minutes at the river leading from the lake for a farewell vision; the scattered mists driven by the wind were disappearing over the mountains, which at last were flooded with golden light, and the lake itself bathed in the morning sunshine seemed a thing of life as the white waves sparkled and leaped out of the clear blue depths. With unspoken joy we looked upon Hawk Lake for the last time, in her bright and gayer mood, until the canoes, noiselessly slipping around a bend of the river, obscured the vision.

CHAPTER VI.

OPEN WATER.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing water.
I, a light canoe will build me
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing."

From Hawk Lake you travel for one-half day down a little river no wider than fifty feet before you come to open water of the big lake. This river was a continual vista of beauty as it bubbled along between the mountains winding in sinuous curves, which prevented us seeing more than a short distance ahead, but which furnished constant surprises. Around a curve we would come suddenly upon a flock of young duck not yet able to fly, but amply able to outdistance any canoe; some of these we secured for our larder. Another bend would bring us to the torn pieces of lily pads floating on the water, where a short time before moose had been feeding; while at numerous points were to be seen fresh tracks which the guides announced were "Wawashkesh"—red deer.

Then two small rapids which were run with loaded canoes furnished pleasant excitement, at the last of which we stopped for our midday meal.

We had been traveling rapidly down stream the entire morning and had covered a number of miles, and shortly after our dinner the hills began to stretch away from us and we came upon the open water of the Lake of the Great Spirit —Manitowick—extending northward fifteen miles. Near the mouth of the little river we launched our fourth canoe, a birch bark which the guides had abandoned on their downward trip, because of its leaking condition. On entering Manitowick one notices a mile to the right of the river a gap in the solid walls of the hills through which the waters of the lake empty into another lake, but we were not to travel through the gap until our return, for we were bound for the further end.

If you travel by water route in the North Country, your only means will be a canoe, for a rowboat is too unwieldy in the rapids, and sets too deep in the water in crossing shallows, in addition to which it is too wide and heavy on the portages; therefore you must always

travel by canoe. This is not only the most practical but by far the most pleasurable, for there is something about the "swift Cheemaun" which gives a free, light and independent sensation not to be had with any other craft. Indeed the sensation of traveling in a light canoe must be akin to that of flying and one is almost ready to believe that legend of "La Chasse Gallerie," and how the phantom Cheemaun comes sweeping through the air on the wings of the gale, bearing the ghost of the dead voyager, who, for the night of the New Year, revisits his home and participates in the dance, until the midnight crow of the cock summons him back to the shadows of the North.

But the unlearned will tell you that the very lightness and source of delight in a canoe is also its chief element of danger, but believe me, a canoe properly handled will stand all that a rowboat will stand and more, for it is like a bicycle in that it responds to your slightest motion and hence is very easy to manage and control, after you learn; and, when you have finally tipped over or swamped, you will find that it still remains your help in time of need, as it is better than a life preserver, for no matter

if it is full of water, it will still float and support several persons clinging to it until one can reach shore.

Whether you use a birch canoe or a Peterborough will depend somewhat upon the character of the water by which you travel. The birch bark will be much lighter to carry over the portage, and will also ride higher out of the water under a load than a Peterborough, in fact the bark canoe requires a slight load to steady it down and to prevent it from being blown about by the wind. I once made a trip across twenty miles of lake in a Peterborough when the wind was blowing hard across the bow and it was with no difficulty that we kept the canoe headed in the right direction. But one of my Indians starting ahead in the birch bark found considerable difficulty in navigating in the right direction for the canoe was so light that it rode on the very surface of the water and, despite his efforts, the wind blew it away out of its course so that while we arrived at the Hudson's Bay Post at noon, it was nearly four o'clock before the Indian brought his canoe to shore, after a hard fight with the wind and waves.

The Peterborough has a further advantage in that you can force it through the water at a rate much greater than a bark canoe. One day coming down from a Hudson's Bay outpost against a head wind whipping up the white-caps, Antoine, Neshwabun, Masinaqua and myself in an empty eighteen-foot Peterborough made a distance of eighteen miles in three hours, but this unusual rapidity was attained because Antoine was singing a glorious canoe song to keep time with which the paddles clinked against the sides of the canoe with such rhythmic rapidity that the canoe fairly leaped through the spray; to have slowed down the stroke would, under the spell of that song, have been almost impossible even though we dipped water at every stroke.

In running the rapids, also, the birch bark is at a disadvantage for it rips more easily if you are unfortunate enough to strike a rock, and the repair job is apt to be tedious and unsatisfactory, while a Peterborough with a hole punched in the bottom is easily mended with the aid of a little canvas and the gum of the spruce tree.

As we rounded into the Manitowick we espied two tents on a narrow strip of beach, which, on our closer approach, proved to belong to two government surveyors, who were trying to make a map of the lake. Except at the Hudson's Bay Post, these were the only white people, and their four Indians, the only Indians we were destined to see in three weeks' travel, and while they were extremely courteous and offered us the hospitable shelter of their tent during a rain which had set in, yet one will find that meeting people in the woods is not a pleasure, for, no matter how pleasant those same people might be in the city, in the woods they constitute a jarring note upon the solitude which you have appropriated as your own; I have not a doubt but that the feeling was reciprocal with them.

After vainly waiting in their tent for an hour for the rain to cease, we consulted with Antoine about starting up the lake, and as he informed us that Manitowick was usually rough so that a canoe frequently became wind-bound for days at a time, we decided that the waves beaten flat by the rain furnished an excellent opportunity to make the end of the lake, so in

"ANGEL CHILD" AND "DAD."

spite of the downpour we once more embarked our canoes. The Lake of the Great Spirit is exceedingly deceptive in size, for it is only two and one-half miles wide, and very winding, so that it looks like a lake but three miles long; yet, when you have accomplished what seemed to be the end, you are surprised to see it stretching away between the mountains a further distance, which in turn lengthens out into another stretch before you reach the real end. The mountains, too, are glorious in their great height covered with spruce, cedar, pines, balsam and hemlock; no trees other than evergreens and white birches grow in this section of the North Country; we did not see a single maple, oak or elm tree, and no timber has ever been cut.

The shores also are bare rocky cliffs rising perpendicularly from the water and there are only a few places on the shores except at each end where it is possible to land a canoe on account of the towering cliffs, which are wonderful in color, being blue-grays, and soft, warm reds, which harmonize so well with the deep green of the forest above. About half way up the lake we stopped to examine a figure painted on

the cliff about six feet above the water. It was done very crudely in a vermilion red paint and beside it was painted a symbol, which looked like a perpendicular stick with another stick slanting across it which indicated that the Indian who left the message was taking a long journey.

Antoine said that it was reported that the record had been painted two hundred years before. Biddequaw remembered having seen it when he was a boy, and it was in the same state of preservation as at present; and his grandfather told him that it was there when he was a boy; and his grandfather's grandfather had in his turn known the name of the Indian Chief who had left the message. We were very curious to learn what kind of paint it was that for so many years had withstood the dash of the spray and the beating of the sun on the rock and the wash of the rains against it, but the Indians themselves of the present day do not know of what it was made. Wendell Phillips in his address on the "Lost Arts" speaks of the remarkable permanency of color of the paints used by the Egyptians two thousand and more years ago; but the Egyptian paints were

for the most part used on mummy cases and interior decorations, not exposed to the action of the elements and survived in a climate particularly favorable to their preservation, while this wonderful Indian product was absolutely exposed to the sun, rain and storms.

After leaving the Indian record we made a rapid and uneventful passage to the end of the lake which narrowed down in the last two miles to about one-half mile in width, a watery trail between the mountains, and there, where the rapids emptied into the lake, we went into camp. I cannot leave Manitowick without telling you of a thrilling passage on our return. We had taken the small Peterborough and the bark canoe up to the Hudson's Bay Post on the Height of Land, beyond which is a most uninteresting country, full of muskegs and swamps, where there are no trout to be had and nothing of beauty to be seen:—it is the beginning of the Land of Little Sticks.

Thus our return journey through Manitowick was made in two canoes laden with all our provisions and outfit, and nine people and a dog. The red canoe carrying the Doctor, whom the Indians had named Meskeekeewinini,

and "Bill," who had acquired the title of Bewabequoquowinini, and Neshwabun and Masinaqua rode well up out of the water, but the gray canoe carrying Chum, whose title was Oquemaque, and Dad, named Neshequewinini, and Antoine, Biddequaw, and myself bearing the designation Kegedowinini, besides Waugosh, the dog, and four hundred pounds of duffel, was sunk down into the water until we had only three inches of gunwale; this of course steadied the canoe wonderfully, though it gave us but small chance in a heavy sea.

We started out in this condition one morning about eight o'clock to make the further end of Manitowick and for the first two miles through the narrow end of the lake under the protection of the mountains all went well; then we rounded a point where we had a full sweep of thirteen miles of open water. It was a beautiful morning, the air was cold and as crisp as fresh lettuce, in fact you could almost taste it, and the sky was unflecked by a single cloud—such a day as makes one wish hard work with the paddle to keep warm. Before us the glorious stretch of deep blue water was whipped into leaping foam by a strong head wind blow-

ing directly against us, that seemed to "promise things," which were not long in coming to pass.

We hugged the mountain for the first two miles and succeeded in escaping with only shipping water half a dozen times, from the backward wash of the waves from the cliffs at our side; then we came to the "jumping off place," where the mountain no longer furnished even a slight protection from the waves, so we headed into them and went slow. A deep, heavy rolling sea we would have ridden with ease, notwithstanding the fact that we were down in the water, but the short breaking waves coming close together presented continual and serious problems.

The first wave would lift up our bow in the most satisfactory manner and slip hissing past us, but the bow thus lifted, instead of falling back into the trough of the sea, would fall with a crash into the break of the second wave, which would throw the spray over us and wash into the canoe; the third wave would in turn lift us, but the fourth would repeat the shower bath treatment; thus for three hours did every alternate wave wash into us as we progressed

slowly through the lake. I say "slowly" for it was dangerous to attempt to force the canoe through the white water; Biddequaw, in the bow, was constantly pushing down on the water with his paddle in order to help us over the waves, while Antoine and I were paddling slowly, steadying the canoe and gaining a foot when we could, while Dad and Chum with the kettles bailed.

There was nothing else to be done; except at one or two places, we could not go ashore, as the cliffs were solid walls, and we could not well turn back for the reason that to turn in such a sea would have been tempting Providence, besides we had made up our minds to go forward. About half way to the end we came to a little cove where we could get a breathing spell and there we lighted our pipes and went into council to discuss the advisability of remaining under the protecting cliffs until the wind should die down; but the Indians said we might be wind-bound for two days, and, as Dad and Chum undertook the contract of bailing, we pushed on to the end. It is not necessary to say that Chum and Dad saved our lives and, strange though as it may seem, the experience

was exhilarating and enjoyable to us all, and in response to my question as to whether Chum was frightened she replied, "I am rather wet, but it's jolly good fun; let's go back;" thus even our difficulties became pleasurable in solving them, and it was with regret that we passed through the Gap in the hills beyond the deep waters of the Lake of the Great Spirit.

CHAPTER VII.

A CERTAIN PORTAGE.

"And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees."

There is a large lake whose northern shore touches the Height of Land and whose outlet at the southern end is by a river dashing through a narrow gorge one and a half miles long and terminating at Manitowick, where the tumbling waters lose themselves in the Lake of the Great Spirit. It was at the meeting place of the waters of the lake and the rapids just above the shelving beach that we had pitched our camp, at the edge of the forest close beside the rushing stream, to enjoy a few days of rest.

As one can pole a canoe but a short distance up the rapids on account of the immense volume of water tumbling down, and the numerous falls stretching across the gorge in white terraces, in order to get to the head of the rapids and reach the large lake above, it is necessary to go by way of the portage a mile and

a half long, which is known by the picturesque and innocent name of Stoney; all it is necessary to do is to travel through the forest up the mountain and then down on the other side, and you have arrived at the head of the rapids, after a most unusual experience; I know this because I have been over it six times, each time with more feeling than the one previous.

Chum went over it one day and after an hour and a half arrived at the upper end in order to fish, in the canoe, at the bottom of a ten-foot falls, and while I cannot describe the trip, she told me seriously that she believed the portage had been constructed with great ingenuity by the great "Kitche Manito" himself for the express purpose of rewarding the spirits of the departed souls who had failed to live rightly on earth, by causing them to constantly pass over this Trail; and for the further purpose of punishing a few of the living while still in the flesh, for their grievous sins. Chum thought I must have been very wicked since I was doomed to pass over this Trail six times in the flesh, but she slyly congratulated me that I had worked off so much of my punishment here and now,

and expressed the hope that my experience would prove a deterring motive against further transgression.

Chum has original ideas to say the least, and if her theory as to the wherefore of Stoney is correct, I shrink to ponder upon the wickedness of our guides who were forced to carry not only themselves but the canoes over this Trail. The forest is beautiful, but on the Trail you are so absorbed in "getting on" that you cannot grasp the beauty of the scene; you are much in the same plight as the Chinaman undergoing his punishment by being buried to the neck in the sand and unable to reach the food placed just beyond his grasp.

Imagine, if you can, large cubes of stone carefully and sharply fashioned by a stone cutter, who is going to make a beautiful walk over a mountain, but when the time comes to lay the stones, instead of placing the cubes flat, face upward, he sets them on edge at all conceivable angles, like the teeth of some gigantic saw, and you have Stoney in the abstract. But this picture does not quite do justice to the fact, for the sides of these stony wedges were covered by the softest of most beautiful moss.

Now you start up the portage from Manitowick feeling fresh and strong and happy after your breakfast and glorying in the aromatic odors of the forest; you step upon the sharp edge of the first cube and decide by a long stride to reach the edge of the other stone, and succeed, with nothing worse than a pain in your feet where the edges have pressed your sole. Then you decide that the moss will be softer so you try to place your feet on the sloping green on the next cube, and you slide into the crevices formed by the two wedging rocks. After trying this for several strides you conclude that the moss was intended only to look at, not to walk upon, and that the "evil stand on slippery ground."

Then you have a bright idea and decide that, if you can jump into the wedge formed by the converging faces of the rock, you will get on with greater comfort; so you put your last theory into practice; if the leap is exact your feet only double up and jam into the crevice, if you have leaped too far you sit down with a heavy jar at the edge of the cube over which you have vaulted, and if you fail to leap far enough you are thrown forward on your knees

and elbows on the slanting face of the rock ahead of you.

By this time you have lost your cheerful attitude and begin to talk to yourself in strange tongues, and finally sit still where you have fallen and begin to make an inventory of your anatomy and find your back, elbows, knees and legs covered with soft and tender spots too numerous to schedule. Then you abandon all theories as useless and desperately devote yourself to rolling, tumbling, slipping and sliding over the rocks in a determination to reach the end. As a diversion you find a windfall of spruce trees across the Trail; this you welcome on the ground that wood is softer than rock, so using your ax you begin to climb across the trees until you land once more in a heap upon the rocks. But all things, even this portage, have an end, even though it seem remote, and at last, sore of foot, and bruised in body, and wearied in mind you lie down to recover your departed cheerfulness—on a rock. I have never carried a pack across this portage—and I believe I shall never do so; the Indians do it, but then they are hardened sinners.

You have come up to the head of the rapids to fish the gorge down to camp, and as you have made up your mind that at all events you will not return by way of the portage, and the rapids for a hundred yards seem shallow enough to wade, you conclude to get in. Besides you are struck with the conviction that the cold water against your bruises will palliate your numerous aches, so you plunge into the ice water up to your waist. As Chum and Antoine and Neshwabun had by this time negotiated the portage and were about to pole the canoe up to the foot of a falls a mile above and fish, I waited to see them pole up, and, as I stood in the water, Chum reviled me upon my past misdeeds and gave her dissertation upon "Stoney."

In the North Country, if you wade a stream, it is the height of unwisdom to use boots or waders, for they are both not only very heavy but they are not effective, for when you slip your footwear becomes so full of water that you can move only with difficulty. I always go in with all my clothes, and while I am not exactly warm, yet it is my experience that with heavy woolens, two hours in the ice water is not

only not an inconvenience but rather pleasurable, and after I come ashore there is no resulting chill.

The first stretch of one hundred yards I made in about an hour; within this distance I broke four leaders, and in trying to dislodge the fifth which had been caught, while waist deep in the rushing water, my foot wedged between two rocks. I forgot to mention that I was still traveling upon the rocks, even though they were beneath the water. For half an hour I tugged and pulled like a bear in a trap vainly trying to get free; in that time I tried to figure how the rock could be blasted without blasting off my leg, but by careful manipulation and balancing on my disengaged limb I was able to free myself and carefully picked my way ashore, and started down to fish at a more promising spot.

At every other step either the mesh of my landing net or the flies on the leader would catch on the trees, as I forced my way through the forest, but I was having a good time in spite of it all, enjoying the wild gorge with the successive falls, and forgetting my cares, as they were drowned in the roar of the rapids.

I would wade out as far as possible and let my flies float down almost to the brink of one of the countless falls, then draw them slowly toward me upon the surface; frequently, when the trout would leap, I would be so intent on keeping my balance in the torrent as to forget to strike quickly with the result that I would miss my fish; this happened time and again.

Finally, when I did succeed in hooking one, he would make a dash with the rapids for the falls a few feet distant. Now a rapids running twenty miles an hour and plunging over falls not only makes a small trout seem like a whale, but gives the fish ten chances to one in favor of his freedom, and in such a situation I was losing about ten fish for every one that I landed. You may say "Why didn't he play him," or "He should have gotten below him." Perhaps your friendly criticisms are founded upon some quiet trout lake experience, or some stream fishing where the water was shallow, and the banks shelving and unobstructed by trees, but with me there was no question of playing him or getting below him, for that could not be done without carefully picking my way ashore and then

spending ten minutes forcing my way through the forest.

My only problem was to prevent my fish in his first rushes from gaining the few feet to the brink of the falls, for when he had gained the falls he was lost as far as I was concerned. Sometimes I succeeded in keeping the trout from going over, but more often lost them; those I checked were usually smaller ones, the best fish landed at the portage being only one pound, but he gave me more fun than any fish I had ever before killed; this fish was simply a mass of springs bounding in every direction; in spite of my efforts to check him, twice did he get within four inches of the fall and then leap gloriously up into sunshine in a mad but beautiful attempt to leap over the few remaining inches to freedom, only to fall back again into the water on the brink, until after a seeming age he was brought to the net. This, I confess, was the exception, but the delight in taking the few fish that I did succeed in killing was all the greater by reason of the number that I lost.

My most frequent experience was to have my fish strike and then, before I could check

BIG POOL AT CAT PORTAGE.

him, make a wild dash over the falls, beyond hope of recovery; again it often happened that in attempting to keep the trout from gaining the brink I had broken leaders and hooks. I lost a number of fish in this way, but it could not have been otherwise for there was no question or chance of playing your fish, you simply had to hold him above the falls as long as your tackle would stand the strain of his rushes and then hopefully tie new flies or adjust new leaders. Thus I fished down the series of falls to within half a mile of the camp and took eight small trout.

Then I unjointed my rod, and with landing net and tackle under my arm began to search for some kind of a Trail leading toward camp, but, after floundering around in the forest for a time, I decided that the only Trail was on the other side over the Stoney Portage, but as I had plighted my faith not to traverse the portage again that day, I took my ax from the holster at my belt and plunged into the forest to make a Trail to camp. This sounds easy but it was hardly a picnic experience; with hat pulled down over my face I tried football tactics until I could go no further, then when

fallen trees prevented further progress, I tried to go round the obstructions, or over them and when, as was frequently the case, I could do neither, the point of least apparent resistance was selected and the ax brought to bear until I could get out of the maze; then another attempt at "bucking the line" and further climbing, and ax work.

It is a curious thing to note how closely together the spruce and pines grow in the North Woods, and how the branches stick out latitudinally like pointed spears, and how much resistance they afford *en masse.* Neither are they respectors of your tender anatomy, nor your clothes, and frequently I found myself pinioned fore and aft until the choice was presented, whether I would take more time with the ax and make haste slowly, or would attempt to travel faster and leave most of my clothes on the prongs of the trees.

As it was I made the half mile in one hour and finally came into camp in about the same condition as a Russian battleship limping into port; for my trousers were punctured full of holes, and the seat torn in the shape of an "L" eight inches wide each way; but, as good luck

would have it, Chum had come back over the portage and arrived in camp before me; so I was able to go into dry dock for repairs, while she took the stitches necessary to insure my further public appearance. You may know that those trout served for supper were the sweetest that ever delighted the palate of man, —none before or since have ever had quite the same exquisite flavor.

It was during our brief sojourn at the portage that "Bill" began to attract our notice by his unusual qualities of mind and heart. Somewhere in the depths of my inkwell I have an unwritten monograph entitled "The Odium of Personalities," but, when I think of "Bill," I am obliged to break all the good resolutions I have made as to avoiding that which is personal. This is the more easy because this individual has the disposition of a saint, and, while his modesty causes him to shrink from publicity, yet I know that he will pardon this transgression. I am not going to describe "Bill" except to say that the extreme gravity of his six feet of "limped sweetness long drawn out" would bring a spirit of cheerfulness to even a funeral party, and, when travel-

ing over a rough mountain trail, under a heavy pack, one glance at him with his mouth open, and tongue hanging out, gravely traveling along, has frequently occasioned me so much happiness that I have had to sit down until the gladsome mood had passed.

But while I disclaim any intention to portray this most agreeable comrade of the camp, I have no such scruples as to holding up for inspection his extremely picturesque woods' costume, for in this guise alone was he to be seen at his best. I caught "Bill" and Dad with my camera one day, and the result is a source of never ending delight to me; the stained broad sombrero, which has sheltered him from the dust and sun of the Arizona desert, did noble duty in the North Country, and pushed back from his head made an ideal frame for his grave countenance; the yellow silk Japanese bandana with scarlet figures, imported from Paris, tied about the collar of his gray flannel shirt, with the ends blowing out in front, added a charming bit of color easily discernible in the distance, while his trousers—ah, who could do them half the justice which is their due?

They were a vision of loveliness, of closely woven Scotch goods with a pattern that looked like a beautiful white and green and blue checker board; their owner once told me that at the end of his bicycle days in the long ago he had had them made to order for the ridiculously cheap price of *ten dollars,* but that, when he came to put them on one dark night, his courage had failed him and that until his appearance in the woods they had been exhibited only at a "private view."

Now it so turns out that this comrade is deeply religious by nature and, in order that he might make a distinction between week days and Sundays, he would scorn to button the trousers about the knees during the week, but would celebrate the Sabbath by carefully adjusting them under the knee cap thus making a very natty appearance; the rest of the time they were hanging down far below their appointed place nearly meeting his shoepacs. Such was "Bill" on a week day at the happening of a certain event at the Portage.

He had landed from below a falls doubles, weighing two and three-quarters pounds with-

out the aid of a landing net and had prevented them from flopping back into the water by quietly sitting on them, and he was perfectly happy. The canoe with the bow resting on the sand and the outer end protruding eighteen feet into the lake seemed to furnish a good opportunity for him to sit down and take stock of all his blessings, so "Bill," with camera in one hand and rod in the other, proceeded to take his seat up on the fourteen inches of decking at the stern of the canoe, and while waiting for the Doctor enjoyed some quiet moments of happy reflection.

Now an unloaded canoe unskillfully handled has all the qualities of the rocking horse in the nursery, and this he well knew, so when the Doctor was about to enter the canoe, "Bill," mindful of an unkind remark I had once made concerning the Doctor, cautioned him about getting in, but the Doctor was blessed with the best of intentions, and intent only on getting in, so he didn't think it possible that he could be cursed with poor execution. This responsiveness of the canoe to the touch is almost human, so, when the Doctor placed his foot a

little off the center line the Cheemaun immediately responded and "Billie" sitting upon the end decking received the full benefit of the cradle motion and was shot over the side into Manitowick; his only concern appeared to be to save the camera which he waved frantically in the air, as if he were flagging the Twentieth Century Limited; thus the camera was dry but "Billie" was soaked and, as the Doctor rushed in to the rescue, no word was spoken, but, after the victim had climbed ashore still sputtering and shaking himself, he addressed the Doctor "You blamed, old, clumsy elephant, Harry said you would upset the canoe sooner or later," and having thus delivered himself of his hard thoughts he said no more; for this extreme moderation on such a trying occasion he earned the fitting title of the "Angel Child" and he lived up to this appellation all through the trip, for no matter how wet he became, no matter what the provocation, the serenity and evenness of our comrade's disposition remained undisturbed.

It was also at the portage that Chum acquired the difficult art of climbing trees. One day I

took this enthusiast of the rod through the Forest to work a beautiful stretch of white water of a mountain torrent not far distant. There was no Trail and the hollows were full of fallen trees through which one had to cut and climb. Chum made no protest so long as we were moving ahead with a seeming goal, but on our return from the brook, I became tangled in a windfall and lost all sense of direction. Up to this point Oquemaque had been bravely climbing up on the trees and then sitting down and sliding over them to the ground until her anatomy was becoming sore. However when she found out I had lost my way she remained sitting upon a tree where the branches catching her skirt held her fast, and refusing to move she addressed me concerning my woodcraft. My compass solved the question of direction, however, and having freed Chum from the restraining branches we set a new course and quickly reached camp.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of the Trail on one side of the rapids and the absence of any Trail through opposing forest jungle, the days spent at Stoney were among the happiest dur-

ing the voyage. It may be that the joys had a darker background of difficulties to make them seem bright, but certain it is that when the time for our departure came all of us were very loath to leave our cheerful open camp beside the dashing water of the Portage.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

As the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and as to-day must be interpreted by yesterday, even in this brief sketch of the most potent influence in the North Country, we must go back several hundred years and delve in a bit of history.

I once knew of a man of very moderate means who showed the most unbridled liberality in his will by bequeathing to various friends, moneys and lands amounting to several hundreds of thousands of dollars in excess of his actual possessions. The same lavish liberality seems to have actuated various monarchs of the old world in bestowing upon their favorites large grants of territory in which the royal donors themselves had no proprietary right, or at least no right which they could legally alienate. This royal munificence was particularly marked in the person of Charles II of England, but in every instance his generosity was extended to the members of his own family,

excepting only the provincial grant made to William Penn, in consideration of the discharge of a crown debt due to the latter's father.

One of the most notable of this Monarch's benefactions was the grant made by Charter under date of May 2, 1670, to his beloved cousin, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, Earl of Craven, Lord Arlington, Lord Ashley and others numbering less than twenty, under the title of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," of the territory known as "Prince Rupert's Land," which was henceforth to be the property of the Hudson's Bay Company.

This interesting grant of an empire is expressed in the terms of the Charter as being made by "Especial grace, certain knowledge and mere motion" of the sovereign, without the advice, consent or ratification by either Council or Parliament. Nor was it a mere grant of a trading right, but assured to the Company headed by the Princely relation of Charles "the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds within the entrance of Hudson's

Straits, with all the lands, countries, and territories, upon the coasts and confines" of the above seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds.

The vagueness and generality of the grant were no doubt attributed to the fact that the King had no knowledge of the extent of the territory the subject of his gift, and desired only that the royal favor be expressed in terms sufficiently large and elastic to cover the actual conditions, whatever they might be. Certain it is that at that time neither the imperial donor, nor the royal geographers, nor any one else in England had the slightest conception of the domain thus bestowed; a few Canadian half-breed voyagers may have had a very faint idea of its wide extent, but even they could not know its entirety. Thus was a territory, including its people, extending from the Bay north to the Arctic regions, and easterly on the coast two hundred miles, on the south towards Canada three hundred miles, and on the west fifteen hundred miles to the Rocky Mountains, granted absolutely to Prince Rupert and his associates, a territory four and one-half millions of square

miles, or one-third greater than the whole of Europe, and larger than the United States.

No consideration appears to have ever been given the royal grantor for this territory, but the Charter states as a motive for the grant that the corporators "have at their own great cost and charges undertaken an expedition for Hudson's Bay, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea and for the finding of some trade for furs, minerals and other considerable commodities, and by such, their undertaking have already made such discoveries as do encourage them to proceed further in pursuance of their said design, by means whereof there may probably arise very great advantage to us and our kingdom." The only compensation nominated in the Charter was a royalty to the King to be paid annually of "two elks and two black beavers." In 1848 the Company asked of Parliament, and secured the right to trade in the Indian Territory which included the entire North West Territory from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific; this grant however, was a mere right to trade and not a grant to the land itself as had been made to Prince Rupert.

The managing body of this corporation chosen annually by the stockholders consisted of seven directors, who in turn chose the Governor and Deputy Governor, and Prince Rupert became the first Governor, and three of the Directors together with the Governor constituted a quorum for the management of the enterprise and the control of ships, voyages, etc. Within their territory they were empowered to make laws, impose penalties and punishments and not even an English subject could visit, trade or frequent in the territory without leave in writing under the Company's seal. In 1857 the population over which the Company held sway was about forty-three thousand, consisting mostly of Ojibways, Crees, Sioux, Assiniboines and half-breeds.

But with the unlimited power accompanying an almost unlimited grant, the task which the Company had undertaken was enormous; not only were the physical obstacles of climate and trackless forest colossal, but controversies with the French claiming paramount rights under prior grant from Louis XIII, and assaults upon the validity of the grant made in England, increased the difficulties besetting the

Company during its early history. In August, 1782, the French assertions of their claims under Admiral La Perouse became so serious that Fort York and Fort Churchill on the Bay were surrendered by the Company and with large amounts of furs were both burned. But while the controversies with the French were discontinued, the assaults at home continued to increase until they finally took the form of a Parliamentary investigation, which however, failed in the accomplishment of large results.

Up to 1821 there had been no central local management of the posts and forts of the Company, but each was ruled by petty officers, and as a consequence subject to many abuses; but in 1821 the first resident Governor, Sir George Simpson, assumed supreme control of the various establishments of the Company, and to his prudent management and wise oversight is due the marvelous success and harmonious control which has since obtained in the conduct of the Company's affairs. He was assisted by a Council composed of all the Chief Factors and Chief Traders, who met annually and held sessions for about three days to discuss conditions and needs of various posts and

make rules and regulations for their management. The power of the Governor is supreme except during the sessions of the Council, and even then it does not appear that his decision has ever been overruled. At the present time the resident Commissioner lives at Winnipeg and in all matter pertaining to the management of the forts and posts his authority is absolute.

Some idea of the marvelous success of the corporation may be obtained by considering that while the original stock was only fifty thousand, eight hundred and twenty dollars, yet in fifty years notwithstanding the enormous expense of establishing trading posts and forts throughout the wilderness the stock had tripled twice by profits alone and was shortly increased to four hundred and fifty-seven thousand, three hundred and eighty dollars without a dollar being paid in, and had in the meantime paid ten per cent. dividends annually to the stockholders. In 1821 the company absorbed the rival North West Company of Montreal on a basis equal to its own and of the consolidated stock amounting to one million, nine hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, one million, seven hundred and eighty thousand, eight hundred

WINTER TEPEE OF OJIBWAYS.

and sixty-six dollars was from profits. In 1836 one of the company's ships left Fort George for London carrying furs valued at more than three hundred and eight thousand dollars, while the total amount of fur taken out by the company far exceeds one hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

At the present time the French Company of Montreal is a powerful rival of the Hudson's Bay Company, but by reason of the friendly relations which the latter company has maintained with the Indians for so many years, and the confidence which the forest dwellers have in the Company, it still retains most of the Indian patronage, in spite of the rival Company and numerous petty independent traders.

Time moves with exceeding slowness at the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and there you will find the life and conditions of to-day about the same as they were two hundred years ago. The requisitions for goods and merchandise for the various posts throughout the North Country, excepting some few of the posts nearer to civilization, contain precisely the same articles as the requisitions of a century ago; the trade guns vary only in that

caps are used instead of the flint lock; the knives, blankets, capotes, powder, ball, and traps are the same as in the long ago.

In the North Country the larger posts are usually built in the form of a quadrangle with the Chief Trader's house in the center and the houses of the Company's gentlemen at the side. Around the quadrangle will be the large trading store which is the center of life at the post, the mess quarters of the Company's gentlemen, the fur room, the warehouses, the carpenter shop and blacksmith shop. In appearance the trade room bears a close resemblance to the general store of the country towns except that it is much larger and more simple. Wide counters run around the four sides of the room and beneath the counters are drawers, and back of the drawers against the wall are bins, above which are wide shelves reaching almost to the heavy roughhewn beams of the ceiling.

The most noticeable feature of the trading room is the immense stove in the center. I have seen large stoves before, but the vision of one I saw last summer caused me to open my eyes and take a good look; it was a stove that

was a stove, ten feet long and three in height and three in width; it looked like a black coffin for some pre-historic giant, but the Trader told me that when the thermometer was sixty-five degrees below zero, that stove simply glowed with warmth and communicated its good cheer to the whole room.

The main trading room is not particularly interesting; to be sure the shelves, piled with bales of cloth, capotes, blankets, knives, files, canoe awls, fish hooks, needles, scissors and such articles of every day use, suggest the simple needs of the Company's customers. But there are other rooms which appeal more to your imagination. Several doors lead out of the trading room into other rooms, which however, are forbidden territory to the customer, who, if he desires any merchandise in other rooms can make his wish known to a salesman, who will himself procure the desired article. The trader, however, was very friendly and gracious to me and conducted me through the whole place.

The first room resembled a jail and was filled with ominous looking kegs of powder and a ladder led from the floor up to a dark hole

in the ceiling overhead. With lantern in hand we mounted up to this room where the real Hudson's Bay Company was to be found; the other rooms had been commonplace, this one was delightfully distinctive. On first poking my head through the opening there was the most delightful spicy odor, mingled with the smell of wood smoke. On arriving in the room the darkness was so intense that at first even with the lantern I could make out nothing in the gloom,—but as the eyes became accustomed to the twilight, I discerned long vistas of hanging articles depending from the rafters in the hazy gloom.

First in our round of inspection we came upon the brass bound short muzzle loading trade gun, for which you have supreme contempt; then you come to long rows of spectral looking articles which prove to be snow shoes of all sizes and shapes from two feet to five and one-half feet in length; it does your soul good to finger the fine meshes of moose sinew with which the shoe is woven and you are quite loath to depart for the inspection of the next rafter. Here were the oil tanned shoepacs and moccasins of all weights and sizes, from the

velvety woman's moccasin of doeskin, embroidered with silk in the beautiful colors of the Ojibway flower pattern and trimmed with otter, to the heavy elk skin moccasin; these were the source of the wood smoke odors, for they had been made in the winter wigwams, close about the fire with the smoke circling in eddies about the tepee and rising to the opening at the top.

As I shut my eyes and poked my nose into the long lines of moccasins the whole winter life of the Ojibways came into view; the hunt in the snows, the silent figures shod in snow shoes noiselessly following the tracks of a herd of caribou to find them eating the white moss; then the skill and maneuvering by which the animals are brought within range of the short trade gun. You see one of the hunters disappear in the Forest where he spends nearly an hour in making a detour; he finally comes into view on the opposite side of the circle of which the caribou form the center; then he begins to come slowly forward while the other Indian remains behind a tree perfectly still; for a time he has progressed toward the feeding game, when suddenly the wind has brought to the caribou the scent of the approaching hunter, and

they raise their heads and silently note his progress, and not until he has approached a considerable distance do they trot off at a gentle gait in the opposite direction toward the waiting hunter, who will not risk a long shot, but who usually kills his game at less than fifty feet.

Now you do not see the game carried to the camp, but the squaw with kettles and the dogs with sledges bring the wigwam to the game. Then the hide is carefully removed and tanned by the squaw, the sinews are prepared and kept for the snow shoes, and the meat is allowed to freeze, thus preserving it for use, and the tanned hide made into moccasins. What wonder that they smell of the smoke of the tepees, and it is a very pleasant smell, I can assure you; I have two pairs in my bed room, and one I use on my feet and the other I apply to my nose, for I like the smell and I am wafted back on the aroma of the moccasins to the wonderful Land of Silence.

After passing the row of long narrow dog sledges you have come to the end of the most interesting of the Hudson's Bay Post. As you are shown through the accounting room where

the books and records are kept, you find it difficult to work up a lively interest, your thoughts are still wandering among the hanging spectres of the attic and you have no interest for dull impersonal figures. But beyond you come to a little den which is the Trader's sanctum. Here also dwells the real spirit of Hudson's Bay and for hours last summer I sat into the night in the Trader's den and drank in his experiences in the North Woods. Then we examined the books, yellow with age, which the Traders for years before him had kept as journals of the daily happenings, and which he has continued.

It was with deep interest that I examined the diary and noted that the sometimes once or twice a year strangers had passed that way; there was written their names, their destination, whence they had come and other remarks more or less personal. After an evening spent in this delightful manner as the time between day break was becoming short, we talked of the early days of the Company and of various legends such as "La Longue Traverse" and others. The Trader frankly confessed that in the early days, when the Company was gov-

erned without any central authority and responsibility sat lightly upon the shoulders of the Traders, there may have been isolated instances of the abuse of power or a sort of lynch law punishment for offenses which gave rise to the legend of "La Longue Traverse," but that within the last hundred years the legend has had about as much foundation in fact as that of the phantom "Chasse Gallerie" of the voyagers to whose love of raconteur is due the Traverse legend.

I have inquired of a number of Ojibways of the North as well as the Crees from Brunswick and Moose Factory, but most of them hear the legend from you for the first time, or, if they have heard it before, they will tell you that it came directly or remotely from some white man. Ask if they believe it, and they will tell you that their experience furnishes no ground for credence and that their fathers never spoke of it about the camp fires.

Summer life at a post of the Company is full of interest and activity, as the Indians have come in from the Forest to trade and secure new supplies and to rest before returning to the winter hunting grounds, and their summer

camps of white canvas tents are scattered in delightful disorder. At a post on the Height of Land last August were a number of Crees and Ojibways, but there was little fraternizing between them, and each nation had its camp on opposite sides of the Company's trading rooms.

A remarkable feature of the Northern Indian camps is the number of dogs each family owns, varying from five to fifteen, most of which are "huskies;" these animals which are a second cousin to the dog and first cousin to the wolf, have very thick, long fur, and their weight and size make them ideal sledge dogs for which they are almost exclusively employed by their red masters. They are extremely hostile to strangers, however, and in making the round of a camp one must be unusually careful in avoiding these half wild, vicious animals, if he would preserve his precious anatomy intact.

In visiting a camp I had carefully circumvented a howling pack of these "huskies" and was about to open the flap of the tent to present the squaw with some cakes of chocolate, when a large wolf-like "huskie" tied around the corner made a vicious lunge at me, but, as good

luck would have it, I was just six inches beyond his snapping jaws; the squaw, mindful of the courtesy due strangers, issued from the tent and proceeded to administer a lesson in hospitality to the ill-mannered dog, emphasizing her precept with frequent blows of the club.

The life of these summer camps represents the very germ of simplicity. I conversed with a kind-faced old squaw who, surrounded by three children, was industriously engaged in weaving a net just outside her six by eight dog tent; she informed me that besides herself and three children, her husband and a grown son made that their summer home. As my stock of Ojibway was scanty, I could not inquire how they were all disposed at night, and as there were no hooks or racks upon which the children could be hung up, I have been unable to conceive how the thing was accomplished; to be sure their visible possessions consisted of only a small bag of flour, some bacon, a frying pan, two blankets, and a trade gun, but even with such scanty furnishings it did not seem possible that six people could find shelter in such a limited space.

Their winter quarters, however, are more commodious, for they erect a wigwam in the shape of a cone, at least ten feet in diameter, made of two layers of birch bark and sometimes an inner covering of canvas, with a space between; the strips of the bark overlap each other like shingles and extend to the ground, while the opening has a skin hung over the outside and another within, thus making it practically wind proof. In the middle of the circle they build their fires, the smoke of which issues from the small opening at the top of the cone; here they spend the seven long winter months, for in January and February the cold is so intense that even the Indians do not venture beyond their nearby traps for the purpose of hunting, for during these months the temperature of sixty-five degrees below zero is almost constant. At this time the moccasins are made by the squaws, while the men weave the moose hide meshes of the snow shoes which they use in the hunt as soon as the temperature moderates sufficiently to permit them to take to the Forest without the certainty of freezing to death.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY—CONTINUED.

One notices the fact that, while the Hudson's Bay Company in the composition of its stockholders is almost exclusively English, and most of its stock is held by a comparatively few families, yet the "wintering partners" in the fur trade, that is to say the Factors and Chief Traders, with their clerks and salesmen, are nearly all natives of Scotland or the Orkneys. This fact is doubtless due to the proverbial shrewdness of the people of those countries, together with their inborn propensities for barter and love of adventure; their vigorous physical equipment no doubt was also a determining factor in their selection, to which they add a persistent economy and above all a certain rigid Presbyterian honesty engendered under the protecting wing of the Kirk.

When a Scotch laddie sixteen or eighteen years of age seeks employment with the Company, he is required to pass a rigid mental and physical examination and to convince the exam-

ining representative of the soundness of his moral fibre. If he passes the examination, he is notified to hold himself in readiness to sail at a certain date for some post on the Bay, but before entering the service he must sign a formal enlistment for the term of five years; at the time he does not know it, but that five years' enlistment with very few exceptions means a whole lifetime.

Upon his arrival at York Factory he is generally sent to pass the first five years of his apprenticeship in the extreme northern districts of the Mackenzie River and Athabaska, that he may be entirely severed from all diversions of the outer world and may learn without distraction the practical working of the Indian trade. During this period he is paid the sum of twenty pounds with rations and quarters furnished free of cost, and with the privilege of purchasing clothing from the Company's store at cost and ten per cent. As clothing is the only expense he can possibly incur, the bulk of his compensation remains in the hands of his employers drawing compound interest. For the first few years he is salesman at the Company's trade rooms, but makes

occasional trips to the Indian camps on trading expeditions with the Chief Trader.

His next advance is to the accountant's office of the post where he receives the official designation of "clerk," and at this position he remains until at least fourteen years of service have elapsed, after which he is placed in one of the depots or district's headquarters as Chief Clerk. By this time his salary has been increased to one hundred pounds yearly, and his ambition points only in the direction of further preferment in the same service.

During these fourteen or fifteen years he has been constantly absorbing the talk of the "Company's gentlemen" in the mess room; his daily routine has given him a fixed habit of thought and life, and his journeys with the Chief Trader have all taken his mind from the world beyond the Forest. Sometimes he feels the impulse to get back again into the world of men and things, but he is predestined to find it common place and bizarre, and his only happiness as well as his only sphere of usefulness lies far back in the Forest in the world of nature.

I know something of the feeling which impels these men; years ago I used to sit around the conventional summer resorts living in one room, dressing twice a day and actually imagining I was having a good time, but all that is past and gone forever, and for a number of years I have been summering in the North Woods, until now I can no more help going back than can the magnetic needle keep from pointing to the North. Thus it is in greater degree that the compelling influence of the North Country calls her sons back from the rattle of the cities to the murmurs of the rapids and rivers.

From Chief Clerk the next advancement is to the position of Chief Trader or Factor and admission into the partnership of the fur trade. When the office of Factor or Chief Trader at any of the numerous posts becomes vacant, the Council of Factors and Chief Traders, at their annual session select from among the clerks of fourteen years' service with the Company one to fill the vacant office; with this promotion he also receives a certain number of shares of stock which the London stockholders have set

aside for that purpose, and henceforth his profits are the results of the fluctuating trade.

I have a theory that the success of an institution is measured not only by its monetary dividends, but also by its effect upon the people with whom it is brought into contact. When one looks back upon the East India Company and other large trading companies of history, and takes note of the baneful effects of their influence upon the natives of the territories wherein they have operated, it is a real delight to reflect upon the manner in which the great Hudson's Bay Company, while reaping rich rewards for itself, has at the same time benefited and uplifted the Indian inhabitants.

One of the most distinctive features of this Company is its cultivation of and insistence upon the Spartan virtue of truth upon the part of its employes in dealing with the Indians, for no misrepresentation is permitted in order to effect sales in that service, and any infraction of the rule is promptly met with summary dismissal. Neither are prospective customers urged to buy, as no inducements whatever are held out in the guise of bargains and no goods are shown to the customer except such as he

THE RIVER—THUNDER MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE.

requests. This insures a wholesome self respect both upon the part of the red purchaser and the white seller.

Nor is the ear of the company deaf to the complaints of the Indians. I know a recent case where the trader of one of the Interior Posts had secured a number of Ojibway Indians for a large surveying party, to carry their supplies, man their canoes and make their camps and, as usual in such cases, the surveying party paid the stipulated wages to the Company's Post Trader for distribution by him among the various Indians. It turned out, however, that the Trader, instead of paying the Ojibways their entire wages, kept part from each amounting from ten to fifteen dollars in every case. The Indians highly incensed and unaccustomed to such thievery, complained to the Commissioner who caused an investigation to be made. Now it so turned out that the Indians gave no receipt for the moneys they had been paid, and the Trader's books showed entries of full payment to the Indians, yet, upon the testimony of the Indian complainants that they had not been paid in full, the Trader was promptly dismissed from the service.

The somewhat whimsical motto of the Company *"Pro pelle cutem"*—"a skin for a skin" —is characteristic to the fairness which has marked its trade with the Indians. Not only have the Indians been paid a fair price for the furs, which they sell, but the numerous posts scattered over the North Country have furnished them with a market close at hand without the necessity of traveling hundreds of miles, and at the same time have brought to the Indian comforts which have increased his efficiency without weakening his spirit.

First, the Company has brought him sanitary woolen garments for which he has abandoned the picturesque but unhealthful skin garments, except as he uses them in winter for exterior covering; next, it has brought him flour, sugar, blankets and cloth; it has increased his efficiency by the importation of guns, and steel traps,—and by these and numerous other agencies has it made his forest life more endurable and upon a higher plane without destroying his simplicity. And all the while it has not sold him whisky; at a Hudson's Bay Post the Indian can no more secure whisky than he can harness the moon to his sledge. It is simply

not to be had—neither is there a side door relaxation.

In making mention of another respect in which the Company serves the Indian, I wish to disclaim any intent to hold up before you Hudson's Bay Company as a charitable institution; it is distinctly an institution for profit, yet it is refreshing to be able to chronicle the fact, that, while making the legitimate profit, it is not grinding the soul out of the forest dwellers, but is rather lifting them up much higher than where it found them. I refer to the elaborate system of credits extended by the Company.

Do not be suprised, gentle dweller of the cities, when I tell you that this money making corporation thoroughly believes, and its long experience fully demonstrates, that the Indian of the North Woods is not only industrious but honest as well. Upon this theory an Indian comes into a trading post in August or September without a cent; he has no furs to sell; but he has many needs to supply; he requires flour, tea, sugar, bacon, a new gun, powder and ball, traps and a hundred other things to maintain him eight months during the winter; all

these things he must have, yet he has no money wherewith to make even a part payment. But he has honesty, and industry, and skill, and for the Company's Trader this is sufficient.

He is cheerfully furnished with all he desires and the Company extends him credit on its books for supplies aggregating from two hundred to five hundred dollars and the Indian, with loaded canoe departs into the Forest to his hunting grounds three hundred or five hundred miles distant; the Trader who has parted with the Company's property loses no sleep on account of the numerous copper colored debtors whose names appear on his account books, for he knows that, when June has thawed out the ice of the lakes and streams, the canoes will return bearing their valuable furs, and he will be kept busy in balancing accounts with his former debtors who have returned to discharge their debts, and to receive credit for the additional furs they have brought to the Trader.

Last summer in response to a query I addressed to a Post Trader as to the frequency of bad accounts, he informed me that in all his experience at numerous posts he had never had

a bad account; that it sometimes happened the Indian by reason of poor luck in his hunting season was unable to make full payment, but that in such cases the payment was merely postponed until he had a more successful hunt; that the only event which prevented the Indian from paying was his death before he returned to the post, in which event the Company, instead of saddling the debt upon the deceased's family, promptly cancels it. No comment is necessary upon this system which reflects so much credit upon both the parties to the trade.

In the early days of the Company there was a tendency upon the part of the Indians, encouraged by the Company, to depopulate the game, but a wiser policy soon obtained. Each Indian has his own territory wherein he hunts, and no other Indian trespasses upon his hunting grounds; in this territory he is supreme, he knows how many beaver there are in each dam, he knows how many he can trap without decreasing the supply for the following year, and his care in this respect is greater than that of the most prudent farmer who is anxious not to rob the soil of its fertility. No more car-

ibou, moose, otter or other animals are taken by him, than will be replaced by increased numbers the following year.

Under this farsighted system encouraged by the Company, the Indians' hunting ground is apt to remain fertile for years to come. Nor does this system decrease the amount of business transacted by the Company, for after operating in the territory more than two hundred years, its business last year was greater than during any previous year of its long history.

Until recently the system of trading was entirely barter, literally a "skin for a skin" but of recent years the all powerful dollar has become the medium of exchange in the posts nearer to civilization, but at the remote posts of the far north the beaver pelt still remains the standard of value, every service rendered or purchase made being reckoned with the beaver as the unit of compensation.

Various learned writers have given us sketches of the Great Fur Company, which are doubtless of great historical exactness and value, but some of them have interpolated into their writings personal views in such a strain of harsh criticism as to give the impression that

their critical observations were not predicated upon a close contact with the conditions as they exist in the North Country. Having the firm belief that the best critics of the Company are those whose life has brought them constantly in touch with its methods, I have endeavored to secure the opinions of the Indians constantly trading with the Company and I have found without exception that to the Indian mind the corporation founded by Prince Rupert has always stood for honesty and fair dealing. Were this otherwise it must surely have failed long years ago by reason of the distrust and open hostility of the copper colored inhabitants upon whom it is dependent for trade and who in turn depend upon it for those things which are necessary to the life of the Forest.

In 1867, the Company, under pressure of the home Government, and in response to the demands of the Dominion Government, that the lands granted to the Company by Charles II in 1670, should become part of the Dominion of Canada, in consideration of the payment to it of one million, five hundred thousand dollars for the franchise, surrendered to the Dominion

Government all its lands, privileges and rights granted by original Charter, but reserved its right to carry on trade. In addition it was allowed to retain in fee all its posts and stations throughout the territory with the added reservation of a block of land at each of them, together with a section of one-twentieth of the land of each township in the so-called "fertile belt." Thus by this long sighted policy, if, in the remote future, the day shall ever come when the company shall cease to be profitable as a fur trading corporation, it will still remain equally great as a large land holding and agricultural trading Company.

CHAPTER X.

ANTOINE.

"Who shall meet them at those altars, who shall light them
to that shrine?
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?"

The Great Spirit in creating men has given to some of its sons hearts so large and strong that it became necessary to also give them very big bodies wherein the enlarged souls might dwell in comfort. Of one of these exceptions was my chief guide, Antoine. I have designated him as "chief guide," yet that is a misleading term not fitly describing his position, and he is better termed "the leader," for when one speaks of a "guide," you think at once of the professional guide, whose hire is fashionably large, but whose woodcraft is deplorably small, and whose theory of life seems to be how little labor he can make serve to earn his daily wage; such a man Antoine was not.

In the first place, the number of people who visit the regions where he dwells is so small as not to create a demand for a professional

guide, and secondly, the forest life of the hunter would allow him but little opportunity, except for a short period during the summer, to lead parties over the Trails of the Forest, and through the lakes and rivers that leave no Trail.

At a certain Hudson's Bay Post on the Height of Land is a very snug whitewashed log cabin; here is Antoine's home, at least it is where he is supposed to live, but he confessed to me that he spent no more than four weeks during the whole year within this cozy shelter, the rest of the time being given to the life of the Forest in pursuit of game, excepting the two short months of summer, during which he is engaged in managing the transportation of supplies to some surveying party, or to some one of the Company's posts, or occasionally leading some canoeing expedition through the wilderness. Fortunate indeed is the man who can secure Antoine as a leader for his party, for he is the very prince of woodsmen. With him there need be no worry because the provisions are running low and days of hunger seem near, for he will provide the empty larder with game in plenty, and in running a rapids

with him you are quite as safe as if you were aboard a canal boat, and much happier.

His father being a French Canadian, and his mother of Ojibway, he has inherited a Wood's spirit of the first order and, having been born at a large Hudson's Bay Post, and spending his whole life in the Forest, his environment has only increased his love for and understanding of the Wilderness. His early life spent in the service of the Company has carried him to the remotest parts of the Forest; from Labrador to Lake Nipigon, and from Georgian Bay to the Arctic Circle the rivers and lakes and Trails are as familiar to him as are the corner crossroads to the farmer. By marriage with an Ojibway woman he has rather cut himself off from his white relatives on the paternal side of his house, and has thrown his lot with the Ojibways in whose councils his judgment is eagerly sought and usually adopted.

Nothing could be more tenderly affectionate than the consideration and care he bestows upon "my missus," the term by which he designates his Indian spouse, and his domestic ties strengthened by a family of five children, are quite as productive of happiness as the best

matrimonial alliances of the cities. I recall our first meeting with Antoine near the shores of Lake Superior; he said to me "My missus, he vera sick, me no want to come, but me promise long ago, and my missus, he say me keep it my promise. If he get more sick, he send it two Injun after me." Thus is Antoine by nature and environment more Ojibway than French Canadian, except that to the unsurpassable woodcraft of the Indian he brings the superior intelligence and cheerfulness of the French.

His physical equipment is magnificent; six feet tall, deep chested and broad shouldered, he looms above the short Ojibways and Crees like some monarch oak. A Trader at one of the posts told me that ten years ago it had been only a pastime for Antoine to pick up a barrel containing five hundred pounds of flour and carry the same one hundred yards from the dock to the Company's warehouse, without even breathing hard. And though he has spent his entire lifetime constantly matching himself against the vigorous Forest, yet I saw him last summer carry a one hundred and fifty pound canoe over his shoulders across "Stoney Portage," a mile and a half in length.

If to labor is to pray, then this man is assured of Paradise in the hereafter, for in the camp he was always at work, and when there was nothing more to be done, instead of enjoying a merited rest, he would come to me with the suggestion that we take the guns, and "take a little walk" or run down the river in the canoe for the purpose, as he quaintly expressed it, "perhaps we see it." By a "little walk" I may say that he meant forcing our way for miles through the trackless Forest looking for game, and by running down the river he meant a fifteen minutes dash down the current and an hour and a half of poling up stream inch by inch on our return.

His religious convictions were beautiful in their simplicity; the Catholic Church had taught him the pure religion of right living; but had not perplexed his mind by an involved theology; and thus to the simple worship of the Great Spirit, whose presence he finds in the rivers and mountains and Forest about him, and which speaks to him in the thunder of the storm, and murmur of the rivers, the roar of the rapids, and the silence of the hills, he has added the teachings of the Great Church. I

had occasion to go to his tent one morning to call him, and received no response for five minutes; finally the manly woodsman issued from his tent and simply announced "I hear him when he call, but I was saying my prayers me."

The Sabbath to him is a holy day; for he will neither fish nor hunt and prefers not to travel unless it is imperatively necessary. This frank avowal of principle made so simply and without ostentation by this sturdy woodsman was in such decided contrast with the showy demonstration of some of us dwellers of the city, as to be a source of great delight to us who have too often known the religion observances to be an opportunity for show or else looked upon by strong men as a mark of weakness becoming only to women.

If his religious life commands our respect, his woodcraft was a continuing source of wonder. As a canoeman, I believe he has no equal, he being far superior to any Indian I have ever known. In going down a river or along the lake in hope of "seeing it" I have known him not to take his paddle out of the water for miles at a stretch, so there was no noise from dipping the paddle in the water at the beginning of the

stroke nor from the consequent dripping of the few drops from the blade as the paddle was taken out at the end; but in absolute silence was the canoe impelled forward by always keeping the paddle in the water, and in bringing it forward presenting only the edge of the blade when advancing it for another stroke.

In this way it is possible to come within fifty feet of deer and moose, for the game is only frightened by noise or sudden movement and on seeing a canoe noiselessly approaching, the game will simply gaze at its occupants with the same curiosity as that with which it might behold a floating log, until the canoe is at very close range. Antoine once took a gentleman, not of our party, whose name I shall not mention, within fifty feet of a moose; the moose, while the canoe was traversing a stretch of water for two hundred yards, simply contemplated its silent approach; then at fifty feet the gentleman shot five times with his Savage rifle —and missed.

Though Antoine is an excellent marksman, and I have frequently seen him hit a small rock five hundred yards distant with my Savage rifle, yet all of his game is killed at range

of less than fifty feet, for he uses the proverbial muzzle loading Hudson's Bay Company trade gun loaded with buck shot, which has a very short range and which is about as accurate as a fifteenth century brass cannon. I tried to persuade Antoine to let me purchase for him an up to date breech loading gun, but it was of no use, he said "I not use him, cause I not able to buy cartridges." A Savage rifle had been given him, but on account of the cost of fixed ammunition, he clings to the old trade gun, and offsets by his skill in approaching game, what his gun lacks in range and accuracy. I used to be inclined to censure the company for selling such crude guns to the Indians, but since the Indians will have no other kind, except those which they can load with powder and ball, I am not disposed to quarrel longer with the Company on that score.

If it is a treat to hunt with Antoine noiselessly paddling at the stern of the canoe, it is still a greater delight to hunt from behind his broad back as he kneels in the bow. Antoine is like his nimosh (dog) in that he seldom speaks unless spoken to, yet he makes you thoroughly understand. His vision is phenomenal; I have

AUTHOR AND BIDDEQUAW ON MANITOWICK LAKE.

often seen him peer ahead at something in the water, and then laconically announce "wawa"—the wild goose,—and after searching the water in vain I would finally descry what appeared to be two black sticks protruding six inches above the water a mile and a half away.

But when Antoine sees large game, then is given an exhibition of pointing that would put your finest Irish setter to the blush for shame. The hunter's head goes forward, his eyes blaze like two coals, his nostrils are distended and the tense muscles of his whole body fairly quiver with restrained motion; every muscle is as tight as a bow string as he crouches much like a tiger, poised for a spring. In hunting with him it is only necessary to observe his movements and the game is pointed out to you without a spoken word or a single gesture of the hand.

His sense of smell also is almost as keen as that of the animals he trails. He has frequently scented bear before we came upon his large tracks, and his skill in imitating the calls of various animals is phenomenal. In traveling down the rivers we frequently came upon flocks of young ducks, called "saubles," not yet

often seen him peer ahead at something in the water, and then laconically announce "wawa"—the wild goose,—and after searching the water in vain I would finally descry what appeared to be two black sticks protruding six inches above the water a mile and a half away.

But when Antoine sees large game, then is given an exhibition of pointing that would put your finest Irish setter to the blush for shame. The hunter's head goes forward, his eyes blaze like two coals, his nostrils are distended and the tense muscles of his whole body fairly quiver with restrained motion; every muscle is as tight as a bow string as he crouches much like a tiger, poised for a spring. In hunting with him it is only necessary to observe his movements and the game is pointed out to you without a spoken word or a single gesture of the hand.

His sense of smell also is almost as keen as that of the animals he trails. He has frequently scented bear before we came upon his large tracks, and his skill in imitating the calls of various animals is phenomenal. In traveling down the rivers we frequently came upon flocks of young ducks, called "saubles," not yet

old enough to fly, but able to run through the water at a rate of speed that would far exceed that of a man running on the shore; the mother duck guarding her flock would start up with her triple note of alarm "Honk! Honk! Honk!" and fly down stream ahead of us followed by her ducklings, but unwisely flying considerably ahead of them. Then Antoine would imitate the call of the mother duck and, in response, the ducklings would often cease their flight and huddle into the shore beside the fallen brush where we would approach within thirty feet and, if our larder needed duck, we would bag a goodly supply.

I recall one evening about nine o'clock that the "Angel Child" and Antoine and myself were out on Whitefish Lake trying to "see something" when through the gathering gloom we saw a mink sixty feet from the boat swimming into the shore; Antoine said "We have it some fun" and began to call the mink, which at first circled about in bewilderment trying to locate the sound and at length started straight for the canoe uttering a peculiar sound, until within eight feet; then seeing us started in an opposite direction.

But with Antoine, keen as is the hunter's instinct, the social nature is equally marked. I have seen him at a Hudson's Bay Post when the trading room was thronged with Ojibways and Crees, mostly squaws and girls, when the Trader and his salesmen were having difficulty in understanding the wishes of his various dusky customers. Then was Antoine at his best, talking with the Indians in Cree and Ojibway as the case demanded, with a smile and a pleasant word for each, ascertaining their wants and making them known to the Trader, helping both him and his customers to a clear understanding and giving to all his acts a sense of ease and good fellowship that was exceedingly contagious.

The Trader told me, that he regretted that I was going to take Antoine with me into the Woods as he was almost indispensable to him in his dealing with the Indians, as they had such complete confidence in him, and his understanding of their wants together with his willingness to be of service was so complete, that both the Indians and the Trader were better satisfied when Antoine was present to assist them, for while the Trader understood the different lan-

guages of the Ojibways and the Crees to some extent, yet he had not that complete mastery which was Antoine's.

I suspect Antoine of having an extremely keen sense of humor, the more acute because it is subdued. I recall an incident at one of the Company's posts on an evening after dark, that occasioned me much inward mirth and some of my friends an unseemly amount of outward glee. I was surrounded by a crowd of Crees and Ojibways and desired to find my three guides so I uttered our agreed call "Ki-yi-yi" and finally succeeded in bringing them to me; some of the Cree girls referring to my call said to Antoine "The master, he must be drunk." Then I turned to him and asked him what he replied, and with just a twinkle about the corner of his eye he said, "I tell it dose Crees, the master mos always lak dat."

One morning in camp I was passing the guides' tent when something I saw caused me to stop and take a good look. It seemed that Biddequaw slept next to the opening of the tent, then Antoine and then Neshwabun and Masinaqua. The thing that had aroused my curiosity was a large log eight inches in diam-

BIG FALLS.

eter and extending the whole width of the tent dividing Biddequaw and Antoine from the other Indians. I then inquired of Antoine, if he had that log to keep his back warm, and, with some considerable earnestness he informed me "Dose Injun, Masinaqua and Neshwabun, they kick just same lak horse, so I build it stall lak for horse, me."

One quality of this man of which I speak with particular appreciation was his chivalrous and gentle attitude toward women; one looks for that sort of thing in men who have had a background of several centuries of culture and training, but one should hardly expect to find it in a man whose whole life has been spent in the depths of the Forest in a daily struggle with the powerful forces which meet him at all points. Yet, with this man, the contact with the rough life of the Woods seems to have developed a marked attitude of courtesy and real gentility the more noticeable by reason of the simplicity and unstudied ease and naturalness with which it was expressed, for he wore his chivalry as easily as he wore his hat. He seemed thoughtful of all women simply because they were women; I noticed the trait in his

helpfulness to the squaws at the Company's post and I noticed it continually in his attitude toward Chum. As I have stated from the first Chum and Antoine were friends and her respect and confidence in him were matters of daily growth.

In going over the trail when we men of the city were too busy with our own burdens to give much thought to Chum, this dark skinned woodsman was never too heavily laden but what he was constantly alive to everything that might contribute to her ease or pleasure. At the portage where it was too rough for her to wade the stream, he, without suggestion carried the canoe over the rocky trail, that she might fish with comfort at the foot of a falls above the rapids. When a particularly edible duck or partridge was killed his expressed thought was "The lady, I think he like it." I must confess that his gentle consideration and chivalry toward "the lady" far exceeded our own.

I recall his delicacy one day when Dad and the "Angel Child" and myself had decided to take a bath in the river a mile from the camp, when unexpectedly Chum and Antoine arrived.

Now Chum was tired out so she didn't propose to retrace her steps on the Trail at once, but didn't wish to interfere with our bath so she went a couple of rods down the river and announced "I will look at the rapids in the other direction while you take your bath" and with that we proceeded to follow her advice. But when we asked Antoine to join us he modestly replied "No, me not take bath while lady is near."

It is the straws which show which way the wind is blowing, so it was the little nameless acts which were marking this unlettered friend of the Forest as a true gentleman of a very unusual and superior quality. Sometime I shall go back to the Forest, if only to take this man by the hand and look into his strong, honest face and talk over our happy days together, but in the meantime of all the pleasant personal recollections that come to us from the North Woods, I am certain that Chum and I shall both hold in fondest remembrance the strong, yet gentle figure of Antoine.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAMP.

"Who hath smelt wood smoke at Twilight? Who hath heard
the birch logs burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the Night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet
are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight."

Whether it be a lean-to or a tent, since a camp is that spot in the Forest which you call "home," it must necessarily turn out that your happiest moments center about the camp; for no matter how keen the sport with the rod has been as you have waded the stream during the day, or how fine a shot you have made in the Forest, your joy has been florescent and in liquid form you have been unable to fully grasp it; but the warmth of the roaring friendship fire will crystallize your joy until it is a thing you can completely grasp and feel and hold.

Each member of the party has been out during the day, each one has come into camp tired and hungry, and each has had a different ex-

perience. Nothing ever before tasted as good as the evening meal which the guides spread upon the ground before you, and, as it is finished, you are certain that never in your life were you quite so full of contentment. In this mood you take your place in silence beside the blazing pile of birch and pine logs, which has been lighted by the guides, who have also provided a large supply of fuel, near at hand, for they know that notwithstanding you are tired with your exertions of the day, there will be a Council lasting far into the night.

The shadows which have been deepening down the isles of the Forests, have turned at last to inky darkness that has crept up like a living thing which, fearful of the fire light, remains just a foot behind you waiting to creep forward if the fire shall die down; the spruce trees against which you rest your back are wrapped in gloom except the side next to the fire, which, shooting upward, throws the yellow light for a short distance upon the lance-like branches thrust outward in defense of the tree trunk. The fact that beyond the small circle all is thick darkness and mystery, does not disturb you, for, as you quietly puff your pipe

and gaze into the flame, you are living again the events of the day more fully than the reality.

You have begun to see visions: the deer you failed to get, the trout that took your fly and cleared the falls by a foot, before you had thought to try to check him, come out of the flames to greet you; you recall how wonderful a flash of color your fish presented as he leaped from the white water into the sunshine, and as you recall how foolish you felt not to check him, you unconsciously laugh aloud; to be sure merely a quiet chuckle intended only for yourself, but the other members of your party about the fire have heard it; you have disturbed their visions coming out of the flames, and in justification you must explain your mirth.

So you relight your pipe and begin to tell the story of your leaping trout, and the Council is on. Now begins the chronicle of the adventures of the day and, though your back is so cold that it has nearly frozen to the spruce tree, you will not leave the fire until each has related his adventure, and you find that the fire has burned very low before you seek the shelter of your tent.

In making your camp it is always best to select an open place, if possible, where the sun can get through the Forest, not only for the reason that it is more cheerful, but it will be less damp; this is particularly advisable provided you contemplate staying for several days. The spot where you pitch your tent should be upon a knoll or at least elevated above the surrounding ground, for nothing is quite so disagreeable as to have the water from the surrounding landscape drain into your tent during a rain.

Next, see that the tent site is level, and free from obstructions such as stones, roots and stumps. All these you can quickly cut out or pry out with your ax. Next cut your tent pegs about twenty-four inches long. Your tent, if it is the right kind has an eyelet at each end, and through these eyelets you have run a stout rope upon which the ridge tape of the tent rests. Now, if the space you have selected as being elevated and cleared also happens to have two trees on each side opposite to each other, your proposition in erecting the tent will be easy. You tie one end of the rope around one tree at a proper height; then you tie the other end around the opposite tree, pulling it as taut as

possible; it will sag a little in spite of your good intentions to the contrary but with two saplings, pronged at the end so as to press against the rope, one on each side of the rope pushing upward and outward, each counteracting the other's outward thrust, you have at once managed to take the sag out of your rope by the upward thrust of the saplings, while their outward thrust will brace the tent against any wind that may blow. Next, you stake out the four corners of your tent until you have an approximate rectangle, when you are ready to drive in the rest of your stakes.

However it so turns out that frequently you find just the site you wish with all the desired elevation and freedom from obstructions, except there are no two trees between which to erect the tent. In this situation you cut five saplings of considerable length but inconsiderable diameter, and two shorter saplings with pronged ends. Two pair of the long saplings you cross like an "X" but within about two feet of the top and bind them fast with a "tump line" where they cross. These you will use to uphold the ridge pole.

FRENCHMAN'S RAPIDS.

Next, take the remaining long sapling and tie one end of your ridge rope within a foot of the end; then pull the other end tight until the tent ridge is taut against the sapling, when you tie the other end firmly to the sapling. Now, with the help of your camp comrade, you place one end of the ridge pole in the crotch of the two crossed saplings, and the other end in the crotch of the other pair of saplings and you are prepared to elevate your saplings to the desired height and stake out your tent. If you then take your two small forked saplings and brace them against the point where each pair of saplings holding the ridge pole cross, you will have a tent so firm as to outride a hurricane.

Our tents were thus erected the wild night we spent in the open, on the very top of the mountain at Hawk Lake, absolutely exposed to the full blast of the wind and sweep of the rain, yet at no time during the gale were they in any danger of blowing down. But the small forked saplings used in this construction as braces are very important. We were camping one night in a protected spot at the foot of Pigeon Falls.

At day break there began a heavy rain with a slight wind and Chum's tent, which the Indians had forgotten to brace, fell down; the collapse was too complete at the time to be humorous. I crawled out into the rain and held up the ridge pole until the Indians came and righted matters; in the meantime where the tent was loose the water gathered in bowls, but notwithstanding it was resting upon Chum, the tent did not leak.

After your tent is firmly erected and anchored your next consideration will be for your bed. A young balsam tree exactly meets your need in this respect; cut down one or two of them and pull off the fans and, when you have sufficient take them to your tent. The larger branches you spread with the stems toward the foot of the tent convex side upward so as to give as much spring as possible; it is best to have two layers thus; then begin at the head and with the front side up lace the stems of the fans into the convex layers already covering the ground; place several layers thus with the fans upward until you have a bed eighteen inches thick. Now spread your rubber blanket poncho over

the balsam and, with your sweater for a pillow, your bed is ready.

If you have an idea that such a bed is soft and springy, you are destined to a decided surprise for such a bed is not as soft as the earth and just about equal in springiness; the most that can be said of it is that it raises you off the damp earth. I have spent two hours in making a bed of balsam of such thickness that a step ladder would have been convenient to use in climbing in, but the bed three feet thick is not one whit softer nor more springy than the bed six inches thick. The Indians know this and consequently do not waste time in placing useless layers of balsam, but use only enough to protect them from the damp ground.

The balsam, however, is delightful to smell and, in spite of the hardness of the bed, you will sleep soundly and awaken in the morn entirely refreshed. I have the testimony of the other four members of my party and the four guides, that one night after I had rolled into my blankets, the Doctor shot off his gun near my head to awaken me, but I must confess to not having heard the gun—thus there must be

something in the hard bed that is particularly conducive to sleep.

My experience the first night after I had come from the woods rather confirms that theory. The bed at the frontier inn was a spring wire mesh with a very good mattress, making a delightfully soft resting place into which I rolled with a deep sense of satisfaction and anticipated enjoyment, but it was so soft that I could not sleep a wink although I was completely tired out. So at three o'clock in the morning I unstrapped my pack and rolled up in my woolen blankets on the hard board floor and until seven o'clock I had a delightful sleep. Strange though it may seem, sleeping upon a layer of balsam upon the ground even in wet and cold weather will not produce colds. Frequently our party was wet during the day, and had to cut wet boughs for a bed, yet none of us ever suffered any inconvenience, while one of our members who had possessed a hacking cough for many years, entirely rid himself of it by sleeping upon the aromatic hemlock and balsam.

That which is most essential and delightful in a camp is a fire, and its delight is increased

RIVER ABOVE LAST CAMP.

by the fact that it is at all times at hand and easily procured; in one-half an hour you can cut down and chop up enough dead pines of three to four inches in thickness to last all day long. Beginning with a piece of birch bark and building it up with dry twigs you are shortly ready to pile on crosswise your pine logs. In dry weather it will take less time than it takes to tell about it, but even in wet weather it is easily and quickly accomplished, the only difference is that, as the outside of your pines are wet, you will have to split them lengthwise in order to get a dry surface to ignite.

I notice that Biddequaw always has a roll of dry bark stowed away for wet weather under the bow decking of the canoe and with this the problem of a fire even in a downpour is easy of solution. If you are cooking you will need two green logs of respectable size, converging slightly upon which to set your pans and between which to gather the coals for cooking.

There is nothing in the life of the camp that gives one so much pleasure as the friendship fire; it is most appropriately named "friendship" for, in the midst of a world of inky blackness and mystery through which a thousand

forest creatures are moving, its little circle of light is the one spot of brightness and friendliness; and, as you draw in toward the magic circle of its charm, it warms your very soul with comfort and good feeling for all mankind. Strange though it may seem the friendship fire does not promote talk; to be sure your Council will always be held about it, but before the Council there will be only meditation and during the narrative of individual adventures and afterwards there will be no discussion. It is rather the place for visions and dreams and, except during the Council, no word will be spoken; for hours in silence you will sit by the blazing logs, each member bound in the circle of friendship, yet with not a single utterance, each one gazing at the separate features of his own vision and lost in the spell of his dreams.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMP—CONTINUED.

All labor and duties connected with the camp were performed by the guides; Antoine and Biddequaw attended to all the cooking, while Neshwabun and Masinaqua pared the potatoes, cleaned the fish, plucked the birds, and prepared the game, besides cutting the wood for the fires. As I have before remarked all our guides were Ojibways for even Antoine himself, in spite of his French Canadian paternal ancestry, must be reckoned as an Ojibway.

Of all Indians this nation is by far the highest type, both in intelligence and character development. Their country extends from Georgian Bay as far north as Lake Abitibi, and, while some Ojibways are to be found scattered over the territory adjoining Hudson Bay, yet that territory is for the most part inhabited by the Crees. The Ojibways as a rule are not large men as are the Sioux, but are short and solidly built; for centuries they have been hunt-

ers and fishermen, true woodsmen of a type the direct opposite to the thieving and murdering Sioux and Crows of the western plains and mountains, and as hunters and canoemen they have no equals.

It is this nation dwelling "by the Big-Sea-Water" that Longfellow has immortalized, and each year do they render the play Hiawatha in the Forest. Among them honesty and industry are the cardinal traits of character, and very few and far between are the departures from these race characteristics. Personally I would as soon trust my most valued possessions to these Indians for safe keeping as I would commit them to a safety deposit vault.

Masinaqua and Neshwabun are Brunswick Indians, making their headquarters at the Company's Post of that name beyond the Height of Land toward Hudson's Bay, while Antoine and Biddequaw make the post on the Height of Land their base of supply. It is a delight to observe these two prepare a meal. They have worked together for so many years that it is as if one mind were employing two pairs of hands; in preparing the meal each supplements the other. Antoine told me about the camp fire that

he and Biddequaw had been together since they were mere boys; they have hunted together for a lifetime, until they have become inseparable, and, when they come in from the hunt, Biddequaw lives in Antoine's cabin as his own kindred are all dead. This Damon and Pythias relation is very beautiful to behold, and Antoine in speaking of his Indian friend always in terms of affection says "Biddequaw, him vera fine old gentleman, a vera quiet man."

The repasts that these two prepare excites not only your appetite, but your wonder; both are scrupulously clean about their cooking. Such trout and partridge and duck and French fried potatoes as one has never before tasted; our potatoes however, lasted only seven days and for two weeks we had no more of these, but their absence was not noticed, and for the last five days in camp we had even exhausted our dried apples, prunes, rice, corn meal and sugar and beans, and only our pork and flour and tea remained, but, with fish and game, our exhausted supplies were scarcely noticed. When the sugar was gone I brought out a bottle of saccharine tablets, which were a continual source of delight to Biddequaw, who had never seen

them before, and, who, on first tasting them, remarked in Ojibway that "they must have been made in Heaven, they are so sweet."

With saccharine for sweetening Antoine and Biddequaw used to make hot doughnuts fit for the gods themselves, and Biddequaw's bread would arouse the envy of a Waldorf *chef*. The "old gentleman" had no lard so he would fry down some fat pork for grease and using that for lard would kneel before the fire, knead the dough, which he would bake in the frying pan in front of the glowing coals, as we had no baking pans. I saw him one day baking bread in his frying pan before an open fire in the midst of a very considerable downpour of rain; he sheltered his dough with a tin pan and a piece of birch bark and, while I do not see how it was possible to produce such a result, yet the fact remains that the bread was equal to that of any first class metropolitan baker.

In going into the woods the reader will be wise to take a folding aluminum baker for there are few Indians and no white men who can bake bread like that of Biddequaw with the use of a frying pan. The baker is shaped like a "V" turned over on its side with a shelf in

the middle, and the open side turned toward the fire; this reflects the heat rays from the sides of the wedge so that the baking is done evenly and quickly in any kind of weather, and for roasting meat before the open fire it has no equal. No camp should be without it.

The bacon which Antoine prepared for us was the most delicious I have ever eaten; always crisp and hot, and entirely free from grease; and in making side trips from camp several slices between some of Biddequaw's bread always made an appetizing sandwich. I think the absence of grease was due to the manner in which Antoine prepared the bacon and his method might well be followed by some of our city house cooks. He would always place the slices in a frying-pan half full of water and boil them over the fire for several minutes thus abstracting the superfluous grease; then he would turn off the grease and water and fry the bacon until it was crisp and brown.

No camp, not even a white man's camp, seems quite complete without a dog, particularly if the dog has possibilities for usefulness, but I am convinced that even a useless dog adds a cheerful and homelike spirit to any camp. The

dog which Antoine brought with him was named "Waugosh," the fox, of a breed entirely unlike anything seen outside the North Woods. Excepting his muzzle and feet which were a beautiful tan, and his white throat and breast, he was covered with a thick coat of straight dark hair. He was about the size and build of an Irish setter, but his teeth were exceedingly long and sharp. His gentle disposition made him an ideal pet for a camp, while his intelligence made him a superb hunter. When our provisions began to run low it became necessary to secure more game than usual and for this purpose "Waugosh" was daily pressed into service.

Now "Waugosh" does not understand English, but when you start from the camp with him through the Forest and command him in Ojibway to "Kezivitch" he knows that you mean "go hunt," so he starts cheerfully ahead until he sees a partridge on the ground, when he gives a sharp bark at which the partridge flys up into a tree; then "Waugosh" remains at the foot of the tree looking up and all you have to do is to follow the dog's gaze and you have a bead on the partridge. One afternoon

Antoine shot eight partridges which "Waugosh" had treed in this way. On another afternoon Antoine and myself had been hunting partridges in a thick spruce timber when suddenly the dog gave an entirely different bark—Antoine said "Yes, Wabos" (the rabbit) and sure enough the dog had gotten a rabbit. His bark for a deer was still different.

It was interesting to note the care with which he jumped out of a canoe; he would always jump from the center without touching the sides and in response to the command "Tebozit" he would leap from the shore into the very center of the canoe without causing it to rock in the slightest. Once in the canoe however, no excitement or near presence of game could make him bark or whine; in approaching deer he would quiver with intense excitement but would never bark, not even when we were shooting duck on the river would he whine or move about in the canoe. Thus did he at all times prove a great provider of game for the camp and at night his bark at prowling animals would always serve to awaken us as well as to frighten away the animal actuated by curiosity and the smell of bacon.

One who has never been in the Forest during full moon has yet before him one of the rarest and most beautiful treats which nature in her numerous phases offers. As the darkness is not complete in the North Country until after nine o'clock, and it takes considerable time for the moon to rise above the mountains, it is usually quite late at night before you are treated to the glory of the North Country bathed in the soft light of the moon. Antoine is very fond of playing pedro so that the time between supper and moonrise we often spent close to the fire playing six-handed pedro upon a rubber blanket spread upon the ground. Chum and Antoine always managed to become partners and it was amusing to note that their side was always winning. Antoine is himself a very good player but with characteristic politeness he would always say "The Lady, he do it;" many a night we have spent thus while waiting for a final vision before rolling up in our blankets.

It was at Kawazingema that we first saw the Forest by the light of the moon. We had been shivering about the friendship fire warming one side at a time, waiting in silence, when

above the mountain gradually appeared a yellow glow to be followed by the round full orb of the moon. At once the gloom of the Forest had vanished and, for an incredible distance, a silver haze seemed to permeate the isles of pine and spruce where before had been complete darkness. The branches thrust out laterally across the silver background stood out as if chiseled of black Egyptian marble, while between the open spaces the soft light poured down upon the camp until it were easy to have read a book.

Across the mountains the light unobstructed by the trees made large masses of rock and the Forest stand out with wonderful distinctness, while the river boiling and rushing past the camp was converted into a mass of liquid translucent silver. The effect of moon light upon quiet water is beautiful, but upon a rushing crystal stream its beauty passes all description. You must see it through your own eyes as no words coupled with a stretch of the imagination can bring to you that scene of unsurpassing enchantment.

It has become a stream of swirling silver boiling and murmuring between the lane of

pines and hemlocks softened by the silver haze which is diffused over the whole scene.

But you cannot drink to your heart's content of this scene, for the chill of the night will drive you within your tent to the warmth of your blankets, and, as you roll yourself in the double thickness of comfortable wool, the soothing tinkle of the waters rushing five feet beyond your tent steals away your senses, and carries you away on its current to the sea of happy dreams, and

> "—thou shalt sail in sleep,
> Upon a sea, which all men travel,
> But which no man knows;
> Tomorrow thou shalt come again to port,
> As from a far country."

CHAPTER XIII.

A CERTAIN BEAR.

Of all the savage instincts slumbering under the crustation which civilization has formed about the modern man, the most universal and yet most inconsistent is the lust for killing wild animals. I use the term "slumbering" advisedly for it is by no means an instinct which is dead, as it requires only the sight of a hoof print in the sand to quicken it into full life and vigor. From savagery to civilization is indeed a far cry, and yet the mania for killing is but the spirit of some barbaric ancestor of centuries ago dwelling within the body of the man of to-day.

It is quite as acute as the Indians' thirst for the hunt, and much more unreasoning, for the Indian kills only when he needs food or fur, but the White Brother kills without any need or reason for his slaughter except the mere desire to slay. I confess for myself that the instinct does not extend to killing game generally, but the signs of bear in my vicinity arouse

the strong spirit of the savage and, while the spirit is awake, the civilized man is dead. Nor is this unusual state of mind due to any danger or harm that the bear may occasion, for as a rule the black bear is the most harmless of animals, unless she is guarding her cubs; then only is she dangerous, for on all other occasions a bear will usually run from a man in a panic of fright.

It was in crossing over the mountain Trail to Lake Kiiskabi that the savage began to waken and the sight of the fallen trees but recently pulled to pieces by the bears in search of ants, was the occasion for arousing a feeling before that entirely unknown and undreamed of; and it was only the fact that I was loaded down with eighty pounds of duffel and the rest of my party was hastening ahead on the Trail, that restrained the almost insuperable desire to search the mountain for the animals that had been but recently feeding near at hand.

At the camp on Hawk Mountain however, when Masinaqua, who had been "taking a little walk," reported numerous signs of bear, that the restraining leash was slipped and the savage spirit was supreme. I handed Masinaqua

"Bill's" rifle and belt and with my own in hand we started up the mountain to hunt. For half an hour we toiled upward until we had passed out of sight of the smoke rising from our camp fires and had arrived on the bare face of the mountain. Soon we came upon a foot print, which resembled a broad pad with claws at the end, made in the damp earth; Masinaqua was at once on his knees sniffing the print which he announced had been made no longer than ten minutes before.

At once we were like hounds upon a scent, the Indian furnishing the skill and I the zeal; we lost several precious minutes in searching the ground before we found another foot print, but by that time we had gotten the direction in which our quarry was going and the excitement began to increase. Each time the Indian sniffed the tell-tale mark he reported it to be fresher than before, as it led up the mountain; frequently we would stop and search the ground ahead of us expecting to see the bear, but each time were we doomed to disappointment. In following the broad foot prints we frequently came upon fallen trees lately torn to pieces, but these did not divert us for the

minutes of daylight were short and already the gray banks of cloud were settling on the mountain top ahead of us, and the problem had resolved itself to a race with darkness.

As we reached the crest above us the cloud had become so dense that we could see but fifteen feet ahead, thus we crossed over and floundered about among the rotten trees fallen upon the ground in search of our scent, until the mist had become so thick that the hunt had to be abandoned and we were obliged to return through the darkness empty handed to camp. For a time the spirit of the savage slumbered, but his sleep was very light, for at the portage in breaking a Trail from the rapids back to camp the sight of a hollow tramped with heavy feet, and the remains of a pickerel's head gave us a new thrill of life, but the tracks were too old to give any promise of a successful hunt to say nothing of the impossibility of trailing game through that jungle of Forest.

In traveling through the lakes it was the bare spots on the mountains that interested me most, and I was constantly searching them for a glimpse of a moving spot of black. The two

ENTERING PIGEON FALLS.

red deer on the shore of the Lake of the Great Spirit, with their beautiful fire red bodies outlined against the deep green were of comparatively small interest for my mind was on other things. It was at Pigeon Falls however, that my lust was satiated. We had made our camp for the night at the end of the portage and after supper Antoine proposed that we go out upon the lake "perhaps we see it." At this welcome suggestion I entered the bow of the canoe, with the "Angel Child" sitting upon the middle thwart and, with Antoine in the stern to paddle, we pushed out into the rush of the water below the falls and started down the lake.

It was only seven o'clock, but the declining sun had hidden its face in the bank of cloud and the long twilight had already begun to steal upon the waters. As we rounded into the lake from the rapids, a scene of impressive beauty opened out before us; on one side the mountain rose from the water, in a mass of grayish white rock, bare except for a few standing dead pines which the fire that once swept the mountain had not destroyed, on the other side across the one-half mile of mirrored lake

the hills were covered with a dense forest, while between the water stretched out in unruffled quiet until it was lost in the distant purple haze.

A point one-half mile ahead of us projected from the barren mountain out into the water and toward this point we had headed our canoe. It was an extremely desolate picture, the few dead pines standing out in their blackness against the sky line adding to the loneliness of the scene. My rifle rested across my knees, and the paddle lay in the boat and, as Antoine was at work in the stern with his paddle noiselessly forcing the canoe through the water, "Bill" and myself were abandoning ourselves to the charm and beauty of the evening. Suddenly Antoine ceased to paddle and the canoe was drifting slowly forward with decreasing motion. "Bill" and I looked around with the intention of asking Antoine what was wrong, but, as I beheld him, I understood there was no need to ask the question.

He had slipped his leash and was hot upon the scent; crouched forward with head advanced and eyes set steadily ahead, every

muscle tense and quivering with suppressed action, he was the ideal hunter in action. Following his gaze to the projecting point of rock one-half mile away, I too became tense under the excitement of the vision ahead, for in the motionless panorama of desolate mountain before us, there was a black spot of motion slowly coming down from the gray rock and entering the water of the lake. Behold the hour for which the savage had slumbered was at hand and fully awakened he entirely dominated the man.

The bear started at once to swim toward the other shore; he must have been but lately feeding for his back, which at first appeared above the surface, soon sank leaving only his head above the water. Now began a race for life; no need for quiet canoeing, for a bear once having entered water for the opposite shore never turns back; your canoe may be in his path, but that matters not as he will go through your canoe before he will swerve from his course. So I dropped my rifle into the bottom of the canoe and grabbed my paddle and began to dig it into the water with a rapidity and energy

which I have never since equalled, and with Antoine's powerful strokes from the stern we started for the wooded shore to head off the animal before he should land. Of all the larger animals a bear is the slowest swimmer, and the caribou the swiftest, so it soon became apparent that we would succeed in intercepting him before he should reach the shore. About half way across he raised his head and looked up the lake in our direction, but kept steadily on his course.

By this time we had a chance to observe him well and though he was sunk low in the water with even his lower jaw beneath the surface, his head with the ears erect appeared unusually large. We had arrived about twenty feet from the shore where the water was only four feet deep and the bear was two hundred yards ahead of us about forty feet from the shore, and as Antoine thought, if we waited until he landed before shooting, we would probably lose him, we opened fire at the small mark of his head. I shot first and missed by two feet low, then "Bill's" rifle cracked behind me as he shot a foot high. I called out we were too far away,

AUTHOR AND BIDDEQUAW AT HUDSON'S BAY POST.

so we paddled frantically until within seventy-five yards of the black head, and as Antoine swung the canoe broadside to give us both a shot, the small bead-like eyes were plainly visible.

By this time our prey was within fifteen feet of the shore; slowly we both pulled our beads down fine upon the black head, each of us resolved not to miss again, my choice being a spot just behind the ear; both rifles barked at the same instant and both shots had reached their mark. We quickly covered the intervening distance to the struggling animal, whose head was spouting blood like a carmine spring. Antoine grabbed him by the ears, but, as a wounded bear is hardly even a man's pet, when he raised his paws in his death struggle to strike, Antoine wisely let go, but before he could grasp him again he sank into the lake. To our dismay on examining the lake instead of being about four feet as was the case at that distance further up where we had begun to shoot, it appeared to be very deep, but we were confident that with a pole we could secure our bear, so Antoine went ashore and cut a pole twenty-five

feet long, but we found that it did not reach the bottom. In feverish haste we returned to camp and enlisted the two Indians and another canoe and with lines rigged with hooks we grappled and trolled for two hours, but to avail.

Since we did not secure the animal it is a matter of regret that we shot him at all, but the result could not have well been otherwise, for had we waited until he had landed, one quick jump into the Forest would have taken him beyond our sight, and we supposed that as the water beneath the canoe twenty feet from the shore was only four feet, at fifteen feet from the shore it would not be deeper where the bear was swimming; nor could Antoine longer hold on to the bear's ears, while those paws were raised to drag him down.

It may be that the largest bear like the largest fish, always gets away; of the size of our kill we can only guess from the fourteen inches length of head as we saw no more of him after he had entered the water. Three days later, however, some Indians traveling through the lake found his body floating on the surface and, upon examining him, saw the

two bullet holes within an inch of each other behind the ear and completely piercing the head. They also reported for our satisfaction that he was one of the largest they had seen in the country, but their tidings were of small solace to us—for we had lost our bear and in losing him the savage had quenched his thirst for blood and slumbered.

CHAPTER XIV.

TROUT.

"Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too."

Of all the pastimes which the mind of man has invented for his diversion and delight, I believe the noblest and most ancient is that of fishing; not only is it the fairest type of sport, but at once the most healthful kind of recreation in that it truly recreates. If one hunts in a district abounding in game, one need only be a fair shot to secure his quarry and in the killing, he often causes the game to suffer before death takes place; again the hunt, unless it is engaged in for the mere purpose of securing provisions, is an appeal to the latent instincts of the savage elements in a man's nature, rousing his lust for blood and filling his mind with a wild and unnatural excitement.

But fishing is a sport of a different order; to begin with, to play the game fairly with light tackle is to give the fish as much chance for his freedom as the angler for his capture, and you match your skill against the skill of the fish. Then in the killing of the fish, by reason of the low order of his nervous system there is practically no suffering on the part of the catch; and, most of all, the sport has an elevating influence on the part of the man himself. It teaches him a lesson of patience and control, it gives him the companionship of woods and clear streams, it takes him out into God's out-of-doors and, instead of rousing his savage instinct, the gentle touch of nature quiets him down as a shower calms the tossing surface of a lake.

On a fishing trip the busy man also gets his opportunity for a quiet bit of introspection, a chance to pause in his rush through life and, under the blue canopy of Heaven, to quietly take stock of himself; if it were only known I believe more good thoughts have been born while man has been luring the fish than at any other time; Daniel Webster confesses that the beautiful thought of his Bunker Hill oration "Venerable men, you have come down to us

from a former generation, Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this happy day," came to him while wading a crystal trout stream. But, though no such thoughts come to us of lesser mould, it is good for us that the waters reflect the blue of the Heavens, and mirror the glorious green mantle with which the Forest is decked.

For the virtuous, it stimulates and renews the life; for the idle, it takes him beyond the reach of temptations which call to his idleness; and for all, it brings peace and quietness; no one can cultivate the acquaintance of a trout stream without being soothed and uplifted.

I realize that the fishing fraternity, like the lawyers, have by popular reputation fallen into disrepute, but let the reader remember that Jesus in choosing his disciples preferred the fishermen, and let him also search his list of friends and see if the fishermen are not all honest men. I have known many disciples of the rod but have yet to find one who was either mean or dishonest. Ex-President Cleveland quaintly remarks that in recounting adventures with the rod the rule of the brotherhood is for "veracity in essentials," while in

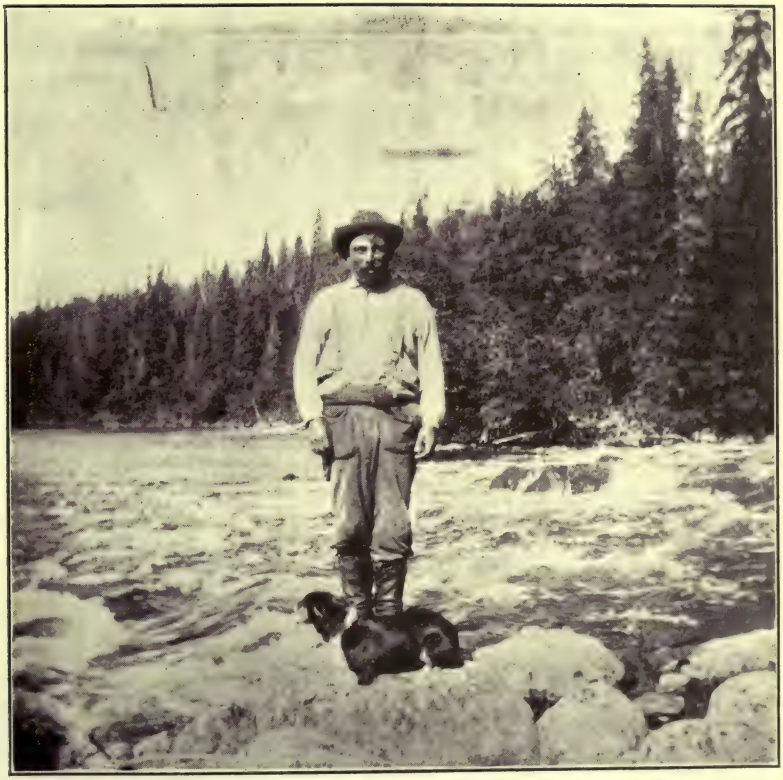
non-essentials there shall be "reciprocal latitude," but I shall try to preserve veracity in this sketch in both essentials and non-essentials.

The fish of which I speak are all the *salvelinus fontinalis* of the North commonly known as "brook, red-spotted or speckled trout" and not the gray lake trout or namaycush, nor the rainbow, nor the German brown trout. This most beautiful of all fresh water fish, the *fontinalis* —living in springs—far surpasses any of his brothers; in form no other trout has half the grace, in color nothing can approach the beauty of the vermilion dots with their areola of dark blue, and, when in action, his strength and intelligence mark him as king of all fresh water fauna. Perhaps nowhere in the whole world are the conditions so favorable to his development as in the crystal ice water of the North Country; here the waters are rapid and highly aerated; here no pollution of the streams has ever marred the crystal purity of the virgin water.

In the streams of the North Country all your previous notions as to flies, and habits of fish and their size, will be shattered. Professor Wright of Toronto University is the authority

for the statement that on the Nipigon, single specimens of genuine *salvelinus fontinalis* have been taken weighing seventeen pounds, while many of the streams of the country north of Lake Superior have frequently yielded and continue to produce *fontinalis* weighing six and seven pounds each. This unusual size is possible by reason of the abundance of food and the depth of the cold waters in which the trout live, and the fact that most of the streams are virgin territory having been but seldom, if ever, fished. Some idea of the conditions may be had by considering that their average summer temperature is only about forty-five degrees and, as a result, the fish are not driven to deep water during the summer, but rise to the fly throughout July and August and until the ice begins to form in the latter part of September.

In the matter of flies, perhaps your experience on the Eastern trout streams has taught you that those tied on number eight and ten hooks are the most successful; if this be the case, when you visit the North Country, leave your small flies at home, but take an extra supply of flies tied on number four, three and



ANTOINE AND WAUGOSH.

two hooks of the best steel you can buy, for the trout can see the larger flies better than the small ones in the rapids and quick water and they will have no difficulty in taking hold for their mouths are not small. On opening a two-pound trout taken last summer, I found a number of undigested crawfish three inches in length, and I have frequently taken a one-pound trout on number two hook. On these waters you will need but a small assortment: the professor, queen of the water, dusty miller, Montreal, silver doctor, the hackles, coachman, grizzly king and the drakes will amply suffice; in August the brown hackle and dusty miller are noticeable favorites, but in July the brighter flies, particularly the silver doctor and parmacheene belle, are in demand.

A noticeable trait of the *fontinalis* of the North streams is his manner of fighting; on the Eastern streams he fights below the water making fierce rushes, and coming to the surface but seldom, but, in three weeks constant fishing in August in the North, I took not a single trout but what was out of the water most of the time, leaping and twisting and turning with a rapidity and zeal that would shame the

most acrobatic small mouth bass that ever swam.

On a certain river we went into camp at a spot which the Indians call "Kawazingema," meaning "trout pool;" do not look for it on the map, for it is not marked and is unknown except to the Indians who were our guides; Antoine has known of it for years, but the Indians learned of it for the first time last August. Here the river twists like a letter "Z" and where the slant of the letter begins at top it flows twenty miles an hour at a depth of six feet in the middle; the portion of the river corresponding to the slant of the letter is only one hundred yards long and opposite the middle was our camp. At the lower angle of the "Z" is the trout pool—"Kawazingema" itself, thirty feet deep, where the stream pauses before dashing head-long around the lower angle.

At "Kawazingema" the stream is only fifty yards in width and as clear as crystal; no rains ever mar its clarity as its bed, for thirty miles above and sixty miles below, is one mass of rock, and the mountains at whose base it flows are all rock, so that no polluting soil ever washes

down to discolor the water, which is as transparent after as before a heavy rain. One has no choice of method in fishing here as it is too deep to wade, so one must anchor the canoe with a heavy weight in the middle of the current about forty feet above the pool and fish from the canoe.

"Kawazingema" has no small trout, we took none that were less than two pounds and there are dozens in its depths that weigh five pounds, nor are the big ones modest about rising but, having set the hook in their jaws, it is almost impossible to bring them against the current to the net. In this pool the *fontinalis* are most playful and noisy; one morning about four o'clock they began to leap and their splashes were so continuous and noisy that the whole camp was awakened and further sleep impossible; for an hour their leaping sounded like a dozen large dogs splashing in the water. Dad and I resolved to try them the following morning and to that end we were on the water at four o'clock, but, though we shivered with cold for an hour and tried all sorts of flies, they could not be induced to rise, until, at last, the

metal of our reels had so benumbed our fingers that we were obliged to seek the camp fire to thaw out.

That evening, however, they were on the leap again, so I anchored the canoe in mid stream and began to fish; the sun had set behind the mountains and the twilight had begun as I tied a brown hackle with a number two hook on my leader and let it float down the current toward the pool. With fifty feet of line out I began to draw the flies across the surface, when with a flash and a splash the patriarch of the pool had leaped for the brown hackle and, as I rose in the canoe and set the hooks I had a thrill and shock such as only a powerful galvanic battery could give. Then began the most magnificent fight I have ever seen.

The trout made a mad dash across the pool toward the rapid water ten feet below and I stood up to give him the butt in hope of checking his rush; my thumping heart stood still as I watched the rod double to the breaking point, but the trout was checked in his rush for he darted up a foot out of the water and fell back with a loud splash, the waves of which must

MAGPIE FALLS.

have rocked the canoe forty feet away. Antoine from the bank yelled in encouragement "Me seen him dat fish, him six pounds for sure." Now he began to leap and turn somersaults on top of the water, but, try as I might, I could not work him an inch against the stream toward the canoe, and I knew my only hope was that my tackle was sufficient to hold him in the pool until his strength was spent.

For ten minutes did I thus keep him in the pool, my rod held high with the butt forward but with the tip bent only a foot above the stream, and I was congratulating myself that I would be able to bring him to the net; in fact I could already see his beautiful skin mounted and hanging upon my wall, but it is a safe rule never to mount your fish before he is caught, for at this point he ceased his acrobatic exhibition, which had evidently been but a fancy for the delight of the other members of my party lining the shore and gazing at the show like people hypnotized, and started again for the rapids at the end of the pool. I well knew the turning point of the battle was at hand, but I

could no more stop him than a fly could stop the Empire Express; to let him gain the rapid water was to lose him beyond all hope of recovery as the stream turned at a sharp angle, so I advanced the butt forward until it was parallel with the water, still it bent until the tip was even with the butt and it could give no more, and something had to give way; for an instant there was a seeming pause, then the tip sprang back and the rod straightened out as the leader which I had tested to eight pounds parted and the trout dashed down stream.

To say that his loss occasioned no disappointment would be a lack of veracity in essentials, yet one's regret that such a magnificent fight for life was successful, couldn't be lasting, so I hopefully tied another brown hackle. As the fly reached the edge of the pool another patriarch leaped, but that was all I ever saw of him for in trying to check his rush he broke the leader in ten seconds after I struck. This happened several times within ten minutes until I concluded it was becoming monotonous, and I searched for double leaders, but I had been so unwise as to leave them at home scorning them

as unsportsmanlike—next year I shall leave my single leaders at home.

Fearing lest my leaders had weakened I now tested one with the spring scales to eight pounds and tied to it a small Hildebrand spinner with a single hook buck-tail fly; this found immediate favor and for fifteen minutes I had another acrobatic exhibition from the pool up to the landing net. I had lost but five leaders and taken one fish weighing three and one-quarter pounds. During the next few minutes before darkness I took three more weighing two and one-half, two and one-quarter, and two pounds, respectively, and content with enough for breakfast I went ashore completely tired out, but exceedingly happy. We remained at this camp for five days during which time Chum and "Bill," Doctor and Dad all took plenty of trout, the best of which was two and three-quarter pounds, taken by the Doctor, but none of which were under two pounds, which seemed to be the limit.

I have often tried to figure out how I could have landed the patriarchs which broke my tackle at "Kawazingema," but I am convinced

that the only way is to use heavier tackle; there is no question of wading the stream as the water is too deep and too swift and you can only fish from the anchored canoe. The largest trout I took out of this pool was three and one-quarter pounds, and to bring him up stream against the current taxed my rod and tackle to the breaking point, and I am convinced that the larger fish can only be taken by using double leaders and tackle heavy enough to check the trout in his plunge across the pool toward the rapids; then, if you can hold him in the pool until he is tired out, perhaps you will be able to drag him against the current up to the landing net. At Cat Portage there is a big pool at the foot of a falls where we took a number of good fish mostly two pounds, but we saw none that were equal to the monsters that lived in "Kawazingema."

Antoine tells me of the one man whom he had taken to this trout Paradise before us, and this person slaughtered thirty-eight trout ranging from two to five pounds each in one morning. If the reader ever has the fortune to be led to a place where trout are so numerous, take my

advice and do not abuse the blessed privilege by taking more trout than you can use. If it is the sport you are after, file the barb from your hook so that your trout can get away at any moment he has a half inch of slack line; you will lose ten fish for every one you will bring to the net, but the few you succeed in killing will give you a keener sense of exhilaration and pleasure than wasting a hundred fish.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVER.

"Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
Through the clear, transparent water,
Over wide and rushing rivers."

Of all the manifestations of the Great Mother Nature, it is in the river alone that she comes to us with unreserved friendliness and complete intimacy. In all her phases, she is friendly, but in this alone does her friendliness permit of intimacy. Perhaps this is due to the fact that in the river the element of personality is so pronounced as to become almost a human quality. One notices it particularly in the river's life, which seems to parallel and touch the life of man himself at so many points; for like the stream of life flowing through humanity, it springs up in mystery from infinitely small beginnings, and grows in strength and power until lost in the mystery of the boundless sea.

Like its human brother it gurgles and totters

in its infancy as a little rill among the rocks sheltered by the over-hanging forest; in its youth it leaps and plays in its excess of vigor over boulders and falls, shouting with its increased strength; and in its full vigor it sweeps steadily along with a gentle murmur, until overtaken by old age, it slowly but peacefully merges its spirit in the eternal sea. During its course it is not always constant in its movements for, like man, it frequently pauses in shady pools where it enjoys quiet reflections and moments of rest before continuing on its journey, and during its journey it is the most sociable of beings, for it loves the society of woods and meadows to which it constantly murmurs its thoughts.

Nor do we find its life always serene and peaceful and free from excitement for it has many obstacles to be overcome as it forces its way through rocks and across shallows, and there are many dangerous rapids through which it runs before coming into its quiet places; its course frequently leads over high precipices where it pauses for an instant before taking its downward plunge. Nor is it exempt from moods and varying mental states for its

lighter vein and deeper musings are quite as distinctly marked as those of man himself; on one side where the water is deep you find the river grave and thoughtful and silent, but on the other bank the water will be shallow, and there it ripples, and laughs and plays in its gayer mood. Such is the life of a river I have in mind, born in crystal purity eight hundred feet above Lake Superior at the Height of Land, and descending between towering hills through the virgin woods inhabited only by forest creatures and a few honest Indians, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles until it finds rest in the clear cool depths of Lake Superior.

Nothing will delight you more than a canoe journey in its company to the great lake; even the falls and rapids will prove sources of real delight and exciting pleasure. For myself the most exhilarating of all pleasures is that of running through a rapids in a canoe; it is somewhat the same sensation as taking a wall or a fence on the back of a thoroughbred hunter with the pack of hounds in full cry ahead of you, but with the difference that the feeling lasts longer, and one's pleasure is increased

by the fact that its successful conclusion is entirely dependent upon the skill and judgment with which you handle your paddle; this fact gives a dependence upon one's self, not possible in the fox hunt.

The first of the falls down which the river plunges is Pigeon Falls a mile below the end of the Lake of the Great Spirit—Manitowick; here a great volume of water drops eighteen feet and this falls the guides proposed to run with canoes loaded with three hundred pounds of provisions in each, besides tents and camp outfit. As the canoes were too heavily laden with all the members of our party the five of us went ashore to cross below the falls on the portage leaving the guides alone in the canoes. In haste we took our positions at the side of the falls to witness the descent, the guides waiting until we were ready. At my signal the gray canoe pushed into the current and headed toward the brink followed by the red canoe, and as it arrived in the rapids its pace was considerably accelerated as if suddenly drawn by some powerful magnet.

Antoine stood up in the stern and gazed an instant at the brink which was rough and

jagged rock except a space of three feet where the water poured in greater volume, while Biddequaw sat in the bow with his tongue hanging out as usual as he headed toward the clear water on the brink. We on the bank held our breath in suspense as the canoe came on in leaps like a magnificent charger; in an instant it had reached the falls and plunged down into the crest of a counter wave three feet high; through this it shot shipping five inches of water and amid the shrill "Ki-yi-yi" of the guides, encouraged by our shouts from the bank, dashed through the intervening rapids to the end of the portage. The gray canoe safely through, the red canoe made the dash over the falls and arrived at the end of the rapids; it was a magnificent sight to see the Indians lost for an instant in the dashing spray to reappear driving the canoes with powerful strokes through the leaping water.

No other form of canoeing is half so exciting and no other test so fully demonstrates the unrivalled supremacy of the Indian as a canoeman. Indeed there is nothing they will not attempt and mishap seems only to double their agility and resource. On one occasion I was

poling up a heavy rapids with Antoine making very slow progress and wearing down my soul with the effort; Masinaqua standing in the stern of a bark canoe was poling up thirty feet ahead of us. His position in the stern caused the bow and the front half of the canoe to ride high out of the water until the craft was nearly on end. In this situation his pole slipped on the rocks and he was thrown into the water; but not for an instant did he lose his presence of mind for his hand still grasped the canoe and with one leap he had landed in it once more. The canoe in this time had only lost ten feet and Masinaqua in the space of a few seconds had landed in the water and regained the canoe still grasping his pole, and was once more the master.

The river is full of continual surprises and changes of scene; frequently we came suddenly upon flocks of duck. On one such occasion, Neshwabun with "Bill's" Savage at two hundred and fifty yards shot a "sauble" traveling through the water at a rapid rate, through the head, while one afternoon I took two with my rifle at one hundred yards, while the guides were poling up against a rapids. Red deer also were very

numerous, for the shores at many places were trampled like cow yards where large herds had come down to the water to drink.

One morning two miles below Kawazingema at a turn of the river we came upon three red deer knee deep in the river, feeding upon lily pads; their graceful flame red bodies stood out in vivid contrast with the deep green background of the Forest. These deer are larger than the Virginia deer, but their red coats are merely temporary garments, for in the latter part of September when the snow begins to fall, they don their winter fur of grayish white, which makes them difficult to distinguish in the snow; this gray coat does not change back to red until about June.

Chum's chief delight in the river is white water canoeing and she is never quite so pleased as when the canoe is leaping through a particularly rough bit of rapids. At an exciting stretch of white water known as Frenchman's Rapids, from the deplorable fact that three French voyagers had had the bad luck to be unable to dodge the rocks and had been drowned, Chum decided she was going to make the run while Dad and I left the canoe in order

to take the pictures. The stretch is only a hundred yards but while it lasts, it keeps the canoeman busy dodging the rocks. Coming through, Chum appeared as unconcerned and as much at ease as if she were pouring tea at a five o'clock reception, notwithstanding the canoe was barely missing the rocks by single inches and, as Dad and I re-embarked at the foot of the rapids, Chum said "It was fun but too tame," yet she was pretty well soaked by the water that had dashed into the canoe. The red canoe with the "Angel Child" and Doctor and the two guides also came through in great form.

In running a rapid it is necessary to paddle hard so that the canoe may be traveling faster than the water; this is important for in no other way is it possible to steer the canoe among the rocks. Your strokes must be very quick and short and powerful, and at no time should the blade of the paddle be far back of the body, for it is the pull of the paddle in front of the body that counts in running a rapid, and you must have as many forward pulls as is possible, therefore you do not waste time in a long sweep at the end of the stroke as in quiet water traveling, but dig the blade into the water with short, sharp, but pow-

erful strokes; this applies particularly to the bow man, for the man in the stern will necessarily have considerable work at the last push of the paddle in steering.

There is a most interesting stretch of white water known as the Grande Discharge, where the river narrows into a gorge studded with rocks, great and small, both above and below the surface. Here within a distance of two hundred feet, there is a drop of twenty feet; and through this Antoine decided to take the loaded canoes after lightening them by sending the rest of the party excepting myself, over the portage. Each canoe had over three hundred pounds of duffel, and, as the gray canoe did not ride as high out of the water as the red one, I entered the latter to make the run with Masinaqua in the bow and Neshwabun in the stern; these Indians had never been through the Discharge before and were making the run for the first time. As Antoine and Biddequaw knew the course we waited above the draw of the current while the gray canoe started ahead to indicate to us the course we were to follow.

Running straight through a stretch of white water is an experience full of excitement, but

when, in order to avoid the jagged rocks, it is necessary to zig-zag back and forth across a rapids dashing down upon the boulders like a race horse coming down a stretch, you are presenting to Providence a temptation which is almost too great to be endured. Following the gray canoe at a distance of fifteen feet and making the gorge ring above the roar of the cataract with our piercing "Ki-yi-yi" we started at one bank and ran through the leaping water along a lane of boulders until nearly to the other shore, where, with an abrupt turn we dashed back across the river to avoid another line of rocks stationed like sentries guarding the river.

Across this rocky front we dashed, all three paddling and yelling like madmen for the canoe was broadside to the leaping waves which were coming over us in alarming volume, and which, despite our efforts, were sweeping us sideways upon the rocks. Near the shore from which we started were two boulders further apart than the others leaving about four feet space between, but filled with tossing foam as the waters glancing from the two rocks rushed together. Arrived opposite this we twisted the bow sharply around and running with the cur-

rent dashed into the middle of the opening; the water poured in over the gunwales half filling the canoe, and for an instant there was a sharp scraping sound as of the scratching of a match; we had struck a rock beneath the water, but as good luck would have it the rock did not rip open the bottom of the canoe but merely cut a deep groove; we should have kept to one side so as to barely clear the rock at our right and in that way we would have missed the rock beneath the water, but in the leaping torrent it was impossible to see the obstruction, and the Indians were not acquainted with its presence.

In this half-swamped condition we dodged the rocks through the rest of the course which ended in falls of five feet drop which would have been a pleasant incident in an empty canoe, but with all the water we had shipped we were too heavy to make the descent without danger. However there was no stopping, so we rushed in; as we took the plunge both the Indians and myself partly raised up to brace for the shock and in striking the water below our weight carried us under the wash of a back wave for an instant; then realizing we were

CHUM RUNNING FRENCHMAN'S RAPIDS.

nearly full of water we dug our paddles into the water and landed ten feet from the falls.

Here, trembling after our relaxation from the tense strain and excitement, and shouting with glee, we breathed a thanksgiving to the Spirit of the Rapids, and after removing our duffel emptied the canoe and inspected the damage caused by the rock; it had dug a long seam in the bottom one-quarter of an inch deep; had it been one-sixteenth deeper, it would have ripped through; but, after re-embarking the rest of the party we were ready for the excitement of Crooked Rapids below, and after stopping for dinner, a little spruce gum cooked down on the frying pan and smeared into the groove fully repaired our damage. On entering the Discharge I took two snap shots of the water and purposed taking a number of the gray canoe preceding us, but every moment was necessary in fighting the leaping water and I did not even get a chance to think of the camera until after we had landed when I got a view of the falls at the foot of the Discharge.

The country along the river is the winter hunting ground of Antoine and Biddequaw, and their otter dead-falls were to be seen almost

every mile; at one point we came upon the frame work of a tepee which Antoine informed me had been Biddequaw's winter quarters. Antoine told how he had been traveling with his dog team down the river last February and had no meat, when he came upon his friend's wigwam, and how the two old friends had sat down for a week and feasted on two moose which Biddequaw had hung up on the trees out of the reach of prowlers.

At another point we came upon a cachè made by Antoine three years before; it contained fifteen pounds of pork and twenty pounds of flour; we did not stop to examine it other than to note its birch bark wrapping was undisturbed. Antoine remarked, in response to my query as to its state of preservation, "The flour, me think him sour, but the pork, it all right and me be here some winter when me hungry." In the code of the wood these cachès, which signify something "hidden," but which are not hidden at all, are inviolate; no Indian would under any circumstances open one for to the owner it may mean life itself during some winter journey. That the code is well observed is attested by the fact that Antoine's

cachè had been in plain view of traveling Ojibways for three years, and yet the contents were as safe and as undisturbed as if locked in a steel safety deposit vault.

The river, during its entire course, excepting a few pools, boils and bubbles like a continuous crystal spring, and canoeing down stream is a perpetual delight, not only on account of the rapid water but by reason of the changing beauty of the scene. No habitation of man jars upon the intoxicating beauty and quiet of the undefiled Forest; no ax of the woodsman has ever been plied among the tall spruce and pines which cover the mountainous shores; here Nature fresh from the hand of the Great Spirit is at her best and one forgets all noise and care of the outside world and wishes only that all his journey through life might be spent in traveling upon this soothing stream which lulls him into unspoken raptures and quiets him down like a prayer.

One day breaking camp at eight-thirty o'clock in the morning, and stopping an hour to cook dinner and another hour to fish a pool, with two portages of one-half mile each we traversed thirty miles of the stream before two o'clock

without touching the paddle to the water except for the purpose of steering. On this day we came to a place named Thunder Mountain, from the Indian legend that between the gap in the heights towering at the edge of the stream, dwells the Spirit of the Storm. Antoine who was making the trip in the dead of winter from the distant Hudson's Bay Post on the Height of Land to the Company's post on Lake Superior, coming down with a team of five dogs by way of the frozen surface of the lakes and rivers, recounts having been overtaken by a blizzard which swooped down upon him from the gap in the mountain bringing darkness at two o'clock in the afternoon, rendering further travel an impossibility coupled with the proximate probability of freezing to death as the thermometer was sixty-five degrees below zero.

In this predicament he sought the shelter of the mountain in the lee of the wind, and made a small fire on the ice to boil some tea; but, as it was impossible to keep a fire alive, to say nothing of warming the freezing atmosphere, he untied the tarpaulin from the sledge, wrapped up in blankets and the tarpaulin, and pulling the sledge against his back to shelter him from the

wind went to sleep for the night. All night long the storm raged, the wind sweeping the river clear of snow but drifting it over the sleeper and his "huskie" dogs. In the morning he awoke to find the snow drift five feet above him with only a little hole kept open by his warm breath; he had slept warm and suffered no discomfort, but his dogs were nowhere to be found. After tramping around for considerable time he finally located them coiled up in the snow like furry balls, and on digging them out it was found that not one had its feet frozen, and after a light breakfast he traveled rapidly down to the grateful shelter of the Hudson's Bay Post.

Eighteen miles from Lake Superior the river thunders over the mountain in a fall of one hundred and eighty-five feet high; there are three distinct leaps but no intervening cataract and some idea of the height down which it plunges may be had by remembering that it is twenty feet higher than the mighty Niagara. The first leap is a sheer drop between the walls of the mountain seventy feet below down into a large basin, from which it again plunges sixty feet into a second basin sending up a cloud of spray which drenches the near by forest, while the last leap

is a plunge down a slanting chute into the beautiful pool below. No words can describe the feeling of awe with which we stood in the mists and gazed upward at the surpassing beauty and power of the falls, nor picture the blue and white of the falling water, nor the spray rising in clouds against the wall of the Forest covered mountains, nor the wonderful soft, old rose tint of the rocks.

For days we had lived the river's life and loved each mile of its course; now at the last, before it became lost in the great lake, it was speaking to us in the fullness of its strength and beauty. It was as if all the beauty of the hundred miles of rapids and ripples and pools and mountains and Forests had been concentrated for this final exhibition of the inspiring might and grandeur at which we gazed in spellbound rapture, as the wonderful vision of an overpowering and soul inspiring Nature.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST STAGE.

"Pleasant was their journey homeward—
In and out among the pine trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine—
Then along the sandy margin
Of the Lake, the Big-Sea-Water."

From the Big Falls the trail leads down the mountain to the foot of the rapids two and one-half miles away, but the portage is very smooth and delightful down hill traveling through bushes weighed down with large red raspberries, in the prime of ripeness. This portage we made in the record time of forty-five minutes and pitched our tents across the Trail on the shelving edge of the mountain, down which we could descend sixty feet to get to our canoes which were drawn up on the rocks at the edge of the rapids. At this point we were to remain for four days, if our provisions permitted, fishing, running the rapids, or leading a life of exquisite ease as the fancy chose.

The first night in camp after supper Antoine and I made an inventory of our provisions; we

found our supplies of rice, beans, sugar, potatoes, dried apples, prunes and coffee entirely exhausted; there was sufficient corn meal for one batch of corn bread; the butter looked as if by careful use it might last out four days; there was plenty of bacon, side meat, flour and tea. We decided, however, that though we had enough to prevent hunger, yet three meals a day with only bread and tea and bacon were apt to become monotonous; so in the morning Neshwabun went out for partridges, Masinaqua set snares for rabbits across their runway; Doctor, "Angel Child" and myself went out for berries and filled our kettles with delicious red raspberries, while Antoine broke a Trail to the big pool at the foot of the falls and took nine trout. Thus with game and fruit the problem of variety of food was satisfactorily solved.

Antoine gave us a variation in pastry by producing light feathery doughnuts sweetened with saccharine, which proved a most welcome addition. The evenings we spent lounging about the fire playing cards, recounting the different experiences during the day, living over again in dreams incidents of the trip, and finally rolling into the blankets were lulled by the dash of

the rapids into refreshing slumber. The real test whether a person suffers by reason of a scanty menu, is when he talks of past feasts at which he has participated, but even during the last days, there was no mention made by any one of a particularly good dinner enjoyed long ago; I think each was quite content. Several days, to our supply of partridge and rabbit, I contributed duck, while for the Indians' kettle Neshwabun one afternoon brought in a porcupine which he had killed with a club.

Our last day was one of drenching wetness; Antoine, Masinaqua and I had gone down the rapids to the point where a Trail led down four miles to an Indian Mission and on our return a rain began, which soon covered the Trail with five inches of water; it was such a downpour as we had enjoyed at Hawk Mountain except that we were not viewing it from the dry shelter of the tent, but small rivulets were running down the back and neck in the most friendly fashion. On taking the canoe we had to pole up the rapids four miles to camp in the drenching showers, but we arrived after four hours of constant work against the current; it had by

the way taken us but twenty minutes to make the same distance going down stream.

When we arrived in camp drenched to the skin we found Dad and Chum playing solitaire in one tent, while "Angel Child" and Doctor had gone to bed in order to dry their clothes. It seems that these two worthies after their dinner had decided to "take a little walk" and had accordingly traveled back over the Trail nearly to the Big Falls, at which point the clouds opened and precipitated bucketsful of rain upon them. They were quickly soaked so that they did not mind the water soaked bushes which met above the Trail and which contained showers of water stored upon their leafy branches, for they were as wet as possible and the water could add nothing more to their discomfort, but on reaching camp they had gone to bed.

A wet day in camp is by no means an unpleasant experience; in the first place, if you have been out and become thoroughly drenched as I had, you will not be disturbed about the matter for your woolen garments keep you warm, and, you recall that the water is clean and fresh from Heaven, and at all events you are in no worse state of dampness than the

rest of the landscape. If you have kept dry as Chum and Dad had done, you are happy that you have no garments to dry over the fire at night. But whether one is wet or dry, and though the rain pours in miniature floods from the gray low hanging clouds, and though the mists turn midday in the Forest into twilight, yet such a day in the woods does not produce a gray depressing mood as is often the case in town, for in the Forest there seems to be a friendly spirit permeating everything, and even the drenching rain cannot drown your cheerful spirits.

As I came into camp and looked into Chum's tent she was sitting on a poncho and red blanket and singing to herself in undisguised contentment. She remarked "It is too bad you are wet, but I do love this glorious rain; it has such a cheerful patter as it plays upon the tent."

That night after dinner we built an immense fire with additional fire wood placed near by for fuel, and the Indians, Antoine and the rest of us sat around it and smoked, and regretfully remembered that it was our last friendship fire in the Forest; for weeks we had been together in the close grasp of Nature, on the tossing

waves of the lakes and in the leaps of the rapids, and our Indians had amply merited their right to sit with us and hold silent Council at the friendship fire. Thus we sat far into the night with only our unspoken thoughts; no one can speak the intimate thoughts that crowd about him at such a time, except to say that, had the note been spoken, it would have been in the minor key of Parting; but as the logs burned down to glowing coals which threw their red light upon the copper colored and white faces encircling the fire, there was no need for words between these friends of the Trail, for we all understood the language of silence.

In the morning we broke camp; this took much longer than usual for every one seemed extremely unwilling to pull up stakes and fill the duffel bags, but finally we had loaded our canoes and were ready to start down on the rapids. Chum made a pretense at the last moment that she had forgotten something and climbed back up the mountain to our camp; she merely wished to take a last look alone up the dim forest Trail whence we had come and to gaze at the ashes and charred remains of our cheering friendship fires.

In descending the river we shot ducks, and came upon a deer which had evidently been caught in the rapids above the falls and dashed down to destruction on the rocks below; several sandy beaches were also freshly trampled by large herds of deer that had come to the water to drink in the early morning. Thus we floated down stream, lost in our silent reflections until we came upon some Indians who saluted us with their friendly "Bou jou," and invited us to join them and share their large patch of blue berries; after tarrying with them for an hour however, we again embarked our canoes. Within a mile of the great lake we came upon the picturesque falls of the Magpie and forced our canoe as far as possible into the swirling rapids at its base; then we visited the nearby falls of the Wawa, and after a season of admiration pushed on to the Hudson's Bay Fort at the mouth of the river. Here was the fort where Antoine was born and where he and Biddequaw had spent their boyhood days. The visit here was full of other memories for these two old friends. The logs driven against the banks to protect them from being washed away had been placed there twenty-five years ago by

our chief guide; in the carpenter shop his father had built canoes to carry the supplies to Moose Factory and bring back the furs, for in the olden days this fort had been a great depot; Antoine told of having seen the tepees of the Indians who had come in to trade extending in lines along the river a mile and a half long.

On pushing out into Lake Superior we found the blue water as calm as a mirror shimmering in the sun, and after coasting along the shore a short distance we beached the canoes on the sand and prepared our last meal, which was a feast. The menu consisted of ducks, partridges, rabbit, bacon, tea, bread and butter and red raspberries; our butter pail was empty at the end of our meal. Here we dried our tents in the sun and distributed presents to the guides and made ready to cross over the four miles of lake to the point where we should meet the fish boat the next morning. Arriving at a Frontier Inn we purchased supplies for our guides who were starting back over the mountain Trail and through the lakes and rivers to their distant dwelling places on the Height of Land. It was with deep regret that we parted with these simple forest friends who had so

faithfully cared for us and ministered to our happiness in the North Country, and we stood on the beach waving our hats in response to their parting signals until the canoes vanished in the rising mists of Superior. Our forest life had come to an end.

I looked at Chum who, I have forgotten to mention, is my Lady Mother, and marvelled that a woman of her age could have endured so rough a journey, for she was the first white woman to make the entire trip; but so far from suffering any hardship she had gloried in the freedom of the Forest and the life had made her look ten years younger. The bronzed faces of the rest of the party spoke of the recreating forces they too had builded into their bodies, and their eyes seemed to reflect the clearness of the waters and the pure reaches of mountains and Forest. All deplored the necessity which called us back to the noise and rattle of the cities, yet the Forest was destined to constantly come back to us in increasing power, for who can number the years of remembrance?

In our waking moments our fancy travels back over the mountain trail through the crystal lakes to the camp on Hawk Lake, and the

peace of the mountains and the might of the storm again stir the depths of our being; again we are riding the waves and shipping the waters of the Lake of the Great Spirit, and still do we breathe the clean spicy odors of the Forest, while in our dreams the river steals into our vision and lulls and soothes us with its many voices.

For weeks you have nestled close in the bosom of a friendly Nature and have listened wonderingly to the heart beats of the Great Mother, and never again can you be as you were before; for the Spirit of the Mountains has stolen away your pettiness and has cleared your vision with its larger view; and the river has taught you a wise theory of life; and as you "list to Nature's teachings" you know that once again you will enter into the blessed sanctum of the Great Mother, for a season of happy communion, for deep calls unto deep, and already you hear voices calling you as a faint echo of a muezzin's call to worship, and you know that the Spirit of the North Country has entered your soul.